1607/1632.

ALZUMA,

A

TRAGEDY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Humana ante oculos fædè cum vita jaceret
In terris oppreſſa gravi ſub religione.

LUCRET.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Meſſrs. EXSHAW, SAUNDERS, SLEATER, CHAMBERLAINE, POTTS, WILLIAMS, WILSON, LYNCH, HUSBAND, WALKER, MONCRIEFFE, FLIN, and JENKIN. M.DCC.LXXIII.

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Advertiſement.

THE precept, which directs a poet to keep his piece nine years, has been fully obſerved in regard to the following *Tragedy*; but the *Author* will not claim the merit of voluntary ſubmiſſion to critical authority. This delay, he acknowledges, did not ariſe from choice, but was rather the conſequence of difficulties that ſtood in his way, and prevented an earlier acceſs to the public.

The Play was written in the year 1762, and the Britiſh forces were then actually doing at the HAVANNAH, what ALZUMA prays for in the third act. The ſubject appeared of the firſt importance to the intereſts of humanity. In peruſing the hiſtory of the Spaniſh conqueſts in AMERICA, the AUTHOR found among unenlightened ſavages ſuch inſtances of generoſity, truth, juſtice, courage, and even clemency, as would have done honour to thoſe, who profeſs'd in that part of the world to ſpread the light of truth and civilization. The behaviour of ATAHUALPA (called by Engliſh writers ATABALIPA) the laſt INCA of PERU, in his intercourſe with FRYAR VINCENTI, appeared particularly ſtriking. He heard the SPANISH MISSIONER with calm attention, and replied, *that it was abſurd on the part of the* POPE *to grant away a territory which did not belong to him*; *he would ſtill continue to venerate the gods of his anceſtors*; *and if the chriſtians worſhipped a god that died, he adored the ſun that never died.* He viewed the prayer-book, which the fryar put into his hands, and after ſaying that it conveyed to him no information, threw it down with a ſmile. By this honeſt ſimplicity, which would have gained the affections of a generous mind, FATHER VINCENTI was ſo enraged, that he gave the word of

command, crying out, "*Kill the dogs, who trample under foot the word of God.*" An incident like this could not fail to excite indignation; and that indignation roſe ſtill higher, when it appeared that articles of high treaſon were in form exhibited againſt ATA-HUALPA, and, after that execrable farce of ſtate, the prince of a world juſt diſcovered ſuffered as a rebel to the Emperor Charles V.---When GUATIMOZIN, one of the leading chiefs, lies ſtretched upon the rack, and, hearing the groans of his fellow ſufferer, aſks him in perfect tranquillity, *Am I upon a bed of roſes?* The heart, that does not melt with tenderneſs for the American, muſt be as hard as FRYAR VINCENTI's. Not to multiply inſtances, the ſtory of a people maſſacred becauſe they abounded in gold-mines, and had not heard the important truths of the chriſtian religion, ſeemed of all others the fitteſt for the Engliſh ſtage, as it tended in a ſtrong degree to that pathetic diſtreſs, and that vigour of ſentiment, which conſtitute the eſſential beauty of tragedy.

The author regretted that ſuch a genius as DRYDEN had not left a play, free from the jingle of rhyme, and of a more legitimate kind, that the preſent attempt might have been excluded. He regretted alſo that, from DRYDEN's time, the poets of this nation ſeem to have abandoned the poor Americans to their fate. He knew that FRANCE was in poſſeſſion of a beautiful play upon the ſubject: but the taſte of LONDON and PARIS being very different, the late Mr. AARON HILL's tranſlation of that piece, appeared upon the Engliſh ſtage and vaniſhed.

The preſent writer was of opinion that ſo intereſting a ſubject ought not to be neglected. His firſt deſign was to new mould the ALZIRE of VOLTAIRE, not in a vain preſumption that he could excel a writer ſo juſtly famous throughout Europe, but with

with an idea that he could in ſome inſtances adapt the ſcenes to the reliſh of an Engliſh audience. That plan, however, was ſoon deſerted: it occurred, that if this author followed the ſteps of MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE, the words, FRENCH TRANSLATOR, UNBLUSHING PLAGIARY, would fill the columns of every news-paper. To civilities of this kind the author has been uſed. If the perſons who have been ſo liberal, feel themſelves diſpoſed to laviſh their favours on the preſent occaſion, they will perhaps be glad of a hint, that may ſupply ample materials. If they will look into the plays of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES, they will perceive in what ſchool the writer of ALZUMA has ſtudied the art of conſtructing a fable.

Aſpice ut exuvias veterumque inſignia nobis
Aptemus.——————

VIDA POETIC.

There was another reaſon for not adhering to the plan of VOLTAIRE: In a country like this, it was thought that our ſcene ought not to be indebted to a foreign writer for a play, which involves the firſt great point of human liberty, namely, the right of man to think for himſelf. In this opinion ALZUMA was written, and (except a few minute corrections in the courſe of the rehearſals) was, in its preſent form, ready for the ſtage above ten years ago.

There were, indeed, at that time certain reaſons, which made the author unwilling to precipitate himſelf into a dealing with managers. Thoſe reaſons ſubſiſted till Nov. 1767, when this tragedy was put into the hands of Mr. GARRICK. It was copied out by the prompter of Drury-Lane theatre, but remained in ſuſpence till Sept. 1770, when the Author found it upon his table, without a letter, or even a card. The play, it is true, was not pro-

nounced unworthy of repreſentation, but certainly was treated as a piece that did not deſerve the leaſt diſpatch. Delay was ſtudied, and the reaſons for that delay exiſted no where but in Mr. GARRICK's imagination. A certain political ſociety, he was ſure, would damn any production known to come from the pen of the preſent writer. Time, however, has ſhewn that he had not given umbrage to any ſet of men whatever. In political controverſy he had not meddled for a number of years, and he takes this opportunity to declare, that in his whole life he never was the author of one clandeſtine line. Whatever he writ, he had the ſpirit and honour to avow it. Mr. GARRICK was told this, but without effect: the play was thrown back upon the author's hands, he ſubmitted to it, and would have conſigned all the circumſtances of that tranſaction to oblivion, if the ſame policy had not been practiſed upon him, in another inſtance, this very winter.

That ALZUMA has at length appeared, is owing to the friendſhip of Mr. HARRIS. He deſired to draw forth the piece from the author's cloſet: Mr. COLMAN accepted it with great frankneſs; and from that inſtant went right forward without delay, without duplicity, without equivocation. The author takes this opportunity to thank all the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre for the fairneſs of their dealings: His thanks are alſo due to the performers for their aſſiduity in preparing the play for repreſentation. The reſt is before the public: Mr. BENSLEY and Mr. HULL did juſtice to their reſpective characters: Mr. SMITH's exertion of diſtinguiſhed merit is well known. Miſs MILLER ſtruggled even in illneſs for the public favour, and Mrs. HARTLEY's beauty and elegant performance adorned every ſcene, in which ſhe appeared.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring, that (excluſive of his late tranſaction with Mr. COLMAN)

COLMAN) he has every reaſon to be diſguſted at the internal occurrences of a theatre. It is, therefore, probable that he ſhall never again be a candidate for Theatrical Fame: From the farce of the APPRENTICE to the tragedy of ALZUMA his endeavours have at all times met with a moſt generous reception from the Town: He feels the obligation with the warmeſt ſenſibility, and remains with due reſpect to the PUBLIC,

Their moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Lincoln's-Inn,
Feb. 27, 1773.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

WHEN firſt COLUMBUS left the Spaniſh ſhore
In weſtern climes new regions to explore;
Soon a new world, beyond the Atlantic main,
Diſclos'd the wonders of it's vaſt domain;
A race of men unletter'd, and untaught,
Strangers to ſcience, yet with virtue fraught. —
No ſchool they had of philoſophic pride,
And ſimple reaſon was their only guide.
That reaſon in the paths of nature trod,
And worſhipping the Sun, they meant a God;
Free from the ills in poliſh'd life that ſpring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.
But Europe's ſons felt gold's reſiſtleſs ſway,
To the new hemiſphere they bend their way;
Through ev'ry region carry ſword and fire,
And bigot rage and avarice conſpire.
Zeal bore the croſs and poniard in it s hand,
And maſſacre unpeopled half the land.
Yet to unhappy men, to heroes ſlain,
The Britiſh muſe denies her tragic ſtrain.
Dryden alone let fall the gen'rous tear,
And bade on Albion's ſtage the FEATHER'D CHIEFS appear.
His voice ſuppreſs'd, no bard their fate has ſung,
Silent our ſcene, and mute each tuneful tongue;
While GREECE and ROME ſwell'd our theatric ſtate,
And only claſſic heroes could be great.
This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torrid Zone.
If in his ſcenes well painted paſſion glow;
If there you view the draught of human woe;

Britons

Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel;
Will hear the INDIAN---tho' in error blind,
Againſt the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Aſſert the freedom of the human mind.

Ye critics, to whom poets muſt be civil,
As Indians worſhip, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'rate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a perſecuting ſpirit,
Let modes of wit ſome TOLERATION ſhare;
Rome KILLS for error;---Be it yours to ſpare.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALZUMA,	Mr. SMITH.
PIZARRO,	Mr. HULL.
DON CARLOS,	Mr. BENSLEY.
OZMAR,	Mr. PERRY.
GONZALEZ,	Mr. GARDNER.
EZMONT,	Mr. THOMPSON.
ORAZIA,	Miſs MILLER.
ORELLANA,	Mrs. HARTLEY.

Virgins of the Sun, *Miſs* PEIRCE, *Mrs.* WILLEMS, *Miſs* WEWITZER, *Miſs* BROWN, *&c.*

Scene at CUSCO the Capital of PERU.

ALZUMA.

ACT I.

Enter EMIRA.

WEARIED at length by their own raging toil,
Her ſpirits ſink to reſt: kind ſleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,
A momentary reſpite from deſpair.

Enter ZILIA.

Emira. Who's there? --- That look alarming! --- Zilia, ſay
Wherefore this ſudden haſte?---How fares it now
With Orellana?
Zilia. Still a calm repoſe
Suſpends the tumult of the mighty paſſions
That war within. Nature quite harraſs'd down
Repairs the waſte of grief.

Emira.

Emira. But oh! too ſoon
With keener ſenſe to waken her again
To the ſtrong agonies that rend her ſoul.
How wears the night? ——
Zilia. It verges to the dawn.
Emira. Then 'tis th' accuſtom'd hour, the only hour
Of all that circle time's diurnal round,
When Orellana knows ſuſpence from pain.
Zilia. The ſun that form'd her, lent his brighteſt rays,
His pureſt elements of ſacred fire. ——
Hence all the virtues that but dimly ſhine
In breaſts of common mould, in her ſublim'd,
Burn to a fierce extravagance of ſoul.
Emira. Yet what avails the great indignant ſpirit,
The gen'rous flame for Freedom and Peru?
The fever of her mind too ſoon muſt end
Her weary frame.---The live-long day it rages,
And each returning night,---when all things elſe
Thro' wide creation's round feel wonted reſt,
She only wakes to miſery:---Forlorn ſhe ſits
With ſtreaming eyes, while unrelenting cares
Waſte all within; and ever and anon
In ſhort diſtracted dreams wild fancy acts
New ſcenes of terror in her blaſted mind.

Enter ORELLANA.

Orel. Horror! Protect me! Save me;---Seas of blood
Run purple round the altar---'tis my brother---
Barbarian hold!---It is Alzuma bleeds------
Inhuman murd'rers! Oh! [*Faints.*
Emira. 'Tis ever thus:——
Sad viſionary terrors rack her brain,——
Too wretched mourner, victim of deſpair! ——
Orel. Oh! 'tis too much, too much to ſuffer—Zilia,
Art thou there?—Ever friendly, kind, and good!—
Emira too!—why, ſiſter virgins, why
Muſt you ſtill labour with my weight of woe?
Emira. Attending thee we but obey the call
Of duty and of love.—Diſpel thy fears,
And huſh this tumult of diſorder'd fancy.

Orel.

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Orel. Would heav'n I could!---But theſe imaginings
Were terrible indeed!---Round yonder couch
Such horrid phantoms roſe.
Emira. Forget 'em all—
You've nothing now to fear. ——
Orel. Alas, the wretched
Have ev'ry thing to fear---Methought Pizarro
With fury dragg'd me to the altar's foot;
There urg'd imperious to renounce my gods,
And wed Don Carlos; with apoſtate zeal
My mother join'd her aid;---conſpir'd againſt me;
When, oh! diſtracting ſight! my brother, ruſhing
To ſave a ſiſter from the vile diſhonour,
Receiv'd Pizarro's dagger in his heart.——
The altar ſmoak'd with gore;---the cruel Spaniard
Look'd a grim joy to ſee the only hope
Of deſolate Peru,---a Prince deſcended
From a long race of Kings, ignobly fall,
And welter in his blood before him.
Emira. Yet,
Theſe are but fancied ills—Alzuma lives
Safe in obſcurity, far hence remote.
Proſtrate Peru may lift her head again,
And heav'n reſtore a brother to your arms.
Orel. Deluſive thought! Yet let me fondly cheriſh
The ſoothing flattery.---Oh! Siſter virgins,
Should e'er the hero bleſs my longing eyes,
I could embrace him with a ſiſter's love,
And in his ſight forget my ſorrows paſt.
But oh! vain hope!---He would not know me now.
Thus with'ring in my bloom---As yet an infant
I number'd ſcarce ten years, when hence he went
To Chili's realms, ere the foe burſt upon us, —
To learn the courſe of ev'ry orb above,
And all the myſt'ries of his parent ſun.
Mean time the Spaniard---but I'll not retrace
That tale of horror.---Since that hour accurſt,
Ten times the ſun hath made his annual circle,
Nor yet Alzuma reigns!---Alas! my virgins,
Diſtinction's loſt amongſt us, and the laſt

Surviving

Surviving Inca of undone Peru
Sinks to a ſlave,---a wand'rer o'er the land!---
Emira. Rekindle not the fury of your ſoul---
For lo! with purple light the orient morn
Glows in yon Eaſtern clime!---Don Carlos ſoon,
As is his wont, with early importunity
Will preſs his ardent ſuit. Be timely cautious,
Nor let him find pale grief and diſcontent
For ever dwell in Orellana's breaſt.---
'Twill rouze the Spaniard's rage---a cloyſter'd virgin
With thee, I worſhip'd the eternal fire.---
'Tis friendſhip prompts, if I preſume to wiſh
You'd not provoke the foe.
Orel. I know thy truth,
Thy conſtancy approv'd;---and Carlos too
I grant has qualities that claim reſpect,
Emira. Tho' other gods he worſhip, yet in him
Religion wears a gentler mien, nor ſerves
To ſanctify rapacity and murder.---
'Tis love perhaps,---for ſure he fondly loves---
'Tis love perhaps,---not virtue,---that allays
His fiercer paſſions,---but whate'er the cauſe,
He is our ſhield from ſtern Pizarro's rage:
To him unnumber'd millions lift their hands,
And thank him with their tears for life preſerv'd.---
Orel. 'Tis true, Emira---oft I've known him check
The rage of waſting war---oft at his voice
Ev'n Perſecution reſts upon her altar,
Thirſting for blood in vain.---And yet this heart
Was never form'd for him---yon radiant God,
Tho' each revolving day he riſe to view
His once lov'd region, now a land of ſlaves,
To ſee the Spaniard triumph in his guilt,
Nor rolls th' avenging thunder o'er his head,
Nor ſends the rapid light'ning down to blaſt him,
Tho' he diſdain not ſtill to ſhine alike
On vice and ſuffering virtue---Ha! no more---
'Twere impious madneſs---thou creat'ſt us all,
Thou glorious luminary!---Thou the ſource
Of light, and life, and univerſal good!
From thee we iſſue, and to thee return!

Thou

Thou mighty parent! *(kneel down)* Thou bright orbit, Thou
Still inexhauſted lead'ſt the radiant years,
Thro' all creation pour'ſt thy golden flood,
Thy vivid energy---without thee nought
Or fair, or uſeful ſprings---to thee all nature
Wafts up her oriſons;---to thee I ſwear
Whate'er ſhall prove the fate of Orellana,
Thy ſacred beams ſhall never---never ſee her
Leagu'd with her country's foes; ſhall never behold her
A vile apoſtate from her holy vow.---

Enter EZMONT.

Emira. Ezmont, why ſudden thus---and hark! unfold---
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*
What means that muſick, that triumphant joy?
Ezmont. With early zeal Pizarro ſeeks the altar
To celebrate his foreign rites. --
Orel. And fire
His unrelenting heart to new exploits.
Ezmont. A captive band from various priſons led
Walk in his train, and follow to the temple,
There to abjure their country, and their gods,
Or meet their inſtant doom.---
Orel. And does my mother
Attend the guilty pomp?
Ezmont. She does---with her
All their whole courtier-band attend Pizarro,
All but Don Carlos;---with a lover's ſpeed
This way he bends his ſteps;---my ſwifteſt zeal
Could ſcarce outſtrip him.---
Orel. Leave me virgins, leave me---
Ezmont I thank thy care. *(they go out.)* Now ſummon all
Thy calmeſt patience, and thy firm reſolve.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Carlos. Let this auſpicious morn diſpel thy cares,
And each ſucceſſive hour on balmy wings

Bring

Bring peace, bring health, and beauty's roſeate bloom;—
Does Orellana ſhun me?—hither turn
Thy gracious aſpect; let thoſe azure eyes
Beam with their gentleſt radiance.—
Orel. Thoſe eyes
With galling tears have long ſince loſt their luſtre—
They, like the daughters of rapacious Spain,
Have not yet learn'd to gild the cloud of woe,
Inſpire the look, and animate the glance,
While miſery lays deſolate the heart.
Carlos. Let love diffuſe his cordial o'er thy ſpirits,
Soon ſhall each grace awaken, ſoon thy heart
Beat ſprightly notes of rapture and of joy.
Orel. Oh! talk not, Carlos, to a wretch forlorn,
And loſt as I am,—do not talk of joy.
No more ſhall pleaſure viſit this ſad form,
This breathing ſtatue of deſpair.
Carlos. Deſpair
But ill requites th' indulgent care of heav'n,
That now invites thee to enjoy with me
Your ſhare of love, and empire.—
Orel. Take again,
Take back your vows of friendſhip and of love.—
I do entreat you take 'em—bear 'em hence
To the bright dames that grace your native land—
Worthier they'll liſten to you—they have hearts
Prone to thy ſoft impreſſions—they have hearts
That never bled to ſee the ruthleſs ſword,
Thy ſword, *Don Carlos*, lay their country waſte;—
Thou haſt not injur'd them;—but oh! reſpect
A captive wretch,—a wretch that has full cauſe,
Yet pours no curſes on thee!—
Carlos. Wilt thou thus,
Relentleſs fair! wilt thou then wound me thus
With ſtern reproach?—Under a father's banner
I wag'd the war; and if her purple wing
Propitious victory wav'd o'er my head,
The world can witneſs, who by me have fall'n,
All bravely fell in the embattled field,
Not naked and diſarm'd—In me the vanquiſh'd

Have

Have found a friend---'Twas *Orellana*'s will.---
Her conqu'ring eyes have half aveng'd her country,
And made the victor beauty's willing ſlave.
His laurels bloom for thee; --he lays his trophies,
His ſceptre at your feet---thy native realm
Wooes thee to ſov'reign ſway, and bids thee rule
The weſtern world, when to her ſofter clime
Spain ſhall invite thy mother.---

Orel. Name her not---
I would not think upon her crimes --become
The conqu'ror's wife,---oh! ſhameleſs guilt!---become
The frantic votariſt of Spaniſh gods,
She fires his haughty ſoul to tenfold rage.---
This day prepares new victims---oh! my Lord,
If your religion does not quite ſuppreſs
The voice of nature, ſave the lives of wretches;
Plead thou their cauſe;---let me not ſee again
The ſtreaming blood of innocence.

Carlos. I move
By thy command alone; and oh! bright maid,
The pity I extend, will ſurely claim
The ſoft return of thine.

Orel. Alas! My Lord,
Much I eſteem thy goodneſs; much I honour
Thy many virtues---but a holy vow
Forbids my love; and tell me, ſhould I grant it,
Would'ſt thou receive an interdicted wretch,
With counterfeited ſmiles to thy embrace?
Believe me, ſir, who dares renounce her gods,
Will dare be falſe to man.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, *attendants*, &c.

Pizarro. Come near my ſon,
Thou ſeeſt thy father with aſſiduous care
Spreading the glories of his king and God
O'er this new world.

Carlos. My father's fervent zeal
Shall ſtand time honour'd in the rolls of fame.
Vanquiſh'd Peru thro' all her cities mourns

Thy

Thy vaſt renown in arms; it now were time
That weary conqueſt ſhould abate her rigours,
And peace begin to harmonize the world.---
Orazia. As yet, young warrior, our untutor'd race
To thee is little known---an Indian mind
Is wrapp'd in error's miſts; from fabling prieſts
Hears impious legends; in each falling ſhow'r,
Each cloud that falls upon yon azure deep,
Conceives the preſent deity; in dreams,
Which fever'd fancy forms, ſtill thinks it hears
Loud oracles, commercing with its gods.
The Dæmons and the human faculties
Are then in dark conſpiracy, and all
Is bigot rage, and cruelty and horror.---
This gloom muſt be diſpell'd; and force, my ſon,
'Tis force muſt execute the holy work.
Carlos. And think we then our duty unperform'd
Unleſs we imitate with furious zeal
Heav'n's vengeance, not it's mercy?
Pizarro. Juſtice calls
For vengeance on a blind offending world.
I know my miſſion here---beneath the tropic
The holy croſs I've borne, and in that ſign
Pizarro ſtill ſhall conquer---be it mine
To ſtretch the ray of truth, and bid the Indian
Kneel and adore!
Carlos. Almagro's conqu'ring arm
In Chili's realm hath cruſh'd the ſavage war,
The weſtern world hath heard the hideous ruin,
And ſuppliant courts the yoke.
Pizarro. But ſtill Alzuma
Lives for new tumult———
Orazia. Lives to bid his mother
With tears and burning bluſhes hear his name.
Proud, uncontroulable, and fierce of ſpirit;
Ev'n in his earlieſt youth, his boyiſh days,
When the grim tiger from the thicket ruſh'd,
Did he once fly?—Did he not ev'n then
Dare the encounter?—the fell monſter gor'd
His youthful breaſt, and if his father's arm

Had

Had not transfix'd the ſavage to the earth,
Alzuma then had died.—Since that he bore
The tiger's mark, and ere the down of manhood
Sprung on his cheek, went from his mother far:
Grew up implacable of ſoul, and now
With dire alarms ſhakes all the Weſtern World.
Carlos. And if our crimes provoke———
Pizarro. Our crimes, my ſon!
Orazia. That thought to Orellana owes its birth;
In ſoft captivity ſhe holds him bound;
Her beauty leads him with a ſingle glance,
Moves with a ſigh and ſoftens with a tear,
And love and grace by turns diſpute his heart.
Pizarro. Hear Orellana—ſay, thou beauteous mourner,
How long ſhall tears and ſlow conſuming grief
Deform thy native graces?
Orel. Pardon, Sir,
If the rough manners of my native clime
Form'd me in plain ſimplicity—unſkill'd
In all the ſtudied elegance of feature,
I only know to look my honeſt meaning;
An artleſs ſavage, a forſaken wretch,
Whom joy has long forſworn!———
Orazia. In Cuſco's court,
Where ev'ry face but thine is deck'd with ſmiles,
Such perſevering ſorrow ill befits
Orazia's daughter—while your mother ſtill
Ev'n with the victor ſhares her ancient ſceptre,
You have full cauſe of joy.---And tell me, does not
That gen'rous youth, Pizarro's gallant ſon,
Breathe gentleſt vows, and languiſh for your love?
Orel. Ay, Madam! ---- Love and tenderneſs he brings,
But ſighs and tears are all I have to give.—
Orazia. Away with vain excuſe---thou trifler hear;
Spain's pure religion calls---this moment yield,
And rank thee with the faithful.———
Orel. That command———
Orazia. Muſt be obey'd.
Orel. Alas! full well you know

Force

Force has already dragg'd me to your altar;———
There while the cenſer wreath'd its fragrant clouds,
While pealing organs ſwell'd the ſolemn note,
And through deep-lengthen'd iſles conſenting choirs
Harmonious hymn'd their god,—not to your heav'n
My pray'rs were offer'd—No! ye holy pow'rs
Whom long Peru hath worſhipp'd,—in that hour
You ruſh'd between me and their Chriſtian pomp,
Bore my rapt ſoul to your own orbs on high,
And ſhrines, and burning lamps, grew dim before me.

Enter GONZALEZ.

Orazia. Invincible in ignorance.
Gonzalez. My Lord,———
The ſlaves remain obdurate.
Pizarro. Ha! reject
The terms of proffered life!
Gonzalez. Their eyes intent
Gaze on two leaders, from whoſe fierce demeanour
They gain new courage, obſtinate in guilt.
Their chiefs, by my command, attend your preſence.—

Enter ALZUMA, *and* OZMAR.

Pizarro. Say, what art thou, who with indignant ſpirit
Has dar'd to mock our laws?
Alzuma. One born in freedom!
One, who while yet he lives, like freedom's ſon
Will dare to think.——
Pizarro. Reflect, raſh youth, and take
New life from this auſpicious day.
Alzuma. The day,
That ſees a man crouch in ignoble bondage,
Sees ev'ry virtue loſt.———
Pizarro. Beware, thou ſlave!
Know'ſt thou that inſtant death awaits you both?
Alzuma. We know it—we expect it—we invoke it—
'Twill end our miſery.

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Thou inſolent!———
All gracious heav'n, that ſtill delights in mercy—
Alzuma. Mercy! – delights in mercy!
Pizarro. Yes;—his word
Gives life and peace to all.——
Alzuma. And dareſt thou then,
Thou fell deſtroyer!—Ravager of earth!
And dar'ſt thou then in horrid contraſt ſtand
To infinite benevolence?—
Pizarro. No more
I'll parley with obdurate guilt—Gonzalez,
Guard thou thoſe miſcreants; ſee they ſuffer death,
And by their torments warn an impious race.—
[*Exit with Orazia, and attendants.*
Orel. Oh! Carlos – gen'rous youth! If any ſpark
Of love dwell in thy nature, quickly fly,
Purſue your cruel father, haſte, prevent,
The horrid murder—what have they committed?
What is their crime?—Oh! do not ſee them bleed,
For daring to be true to heav'n.
Carlos. I go,
Thou gen'rous maid, to execute your will. [*Exit.*
Orel. Or gain their liberty, or elſe the hour
That ſees 'em fall, will end this wretched being.
[*Exit after Carlos.*
Alzuma. And are there feelings here for human woe?
Gon. Guards, lead your pris'ners hence.
Alzuma Spaniard a word.———
Wilt thou indulge one moment to the wretched?—
I thank thee—Ozmar, we have walk'd together
The rugg'd paths of honour;—to the laſt
Grappled with fate,—againſt the foe have ſtrain'd
Bold virtue's nerve;—Oh! let it never ſlacken,
But bear us ſtrongly up like men, who boaſt
Souls ever prompt for liberty or death.
Ozmar. Sunk as we are, our country bleeding round us,
Our cities ſackt, our very gods diſhonour'd,
Death is relief, is victory and triumph.—
Alzuma. But let us entertain our doom, my friend,
In ſilent dignity:—Amidſt our pangs

Let

Let no dejected paſſion tell the Spaniard,
Alzuma dies in me!---

Ozmar. Not all the tortures
Their vengeance can inflict, ſhall e'er extort
One ſecret from me.

Alzuma. Let him ſhudder ſtill
With dire conceptions at Alzuma's name;
Still let him think Alzuma roams the foreſt,
Climbs the ſteep mountain's brow, or down the lake
Glides in the ſwift canoe to rouze the war,
And call the nations to a great revenge.
Let that purſue him ſtill---Oh! let that thought,
And the dire furies of deteſted guilt
With ceaſeleſs pangs inhabit in his heart.
Alzuma dies content!---

Ozmar. The tyrant's pow'r
Is ſhort liv'd o'er us, and his murd'rous rage
But ſets the hero free.———

Alzuma. His pow'r may ſhackle
Theſe mortal limbs; but the unbodied ſpirit
Shall bear its native liberty along,
To the bleſs'd vale behind the cloud capt hill,
The ſilent region of departed ſouls,
That region undiſcover'd by the Spaniard!---
Where our forefathers in unfading bliſs,
Prepare the roſeate bow'r, and weave the chaplet,
For deeds heroic done in life; for all
Who firm in honour, by diſtreſs unconquer'd,
Have ſmil'd in woe, and to their graves have carried
The ſacred charter of the free born mind.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Scene at the Gate of the Church, or Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA.

DOST thou not hear me, loſt Peru?---Not hear
The clank of theſe vile chains that fetter thus
Your rightful ſov'reign?---Wherefore thus again
Led to their Chriſtian temple?---Why their guards
Plac'd at each paſs?---Is this, juſt gods, a lot
For your own progeny?----- Yet even here,
Here ſtill is room for fortitude and honour.
Yes, ye calamities of this bad world,
Pour all your deſtin'd malice on my head!
Ye ſtorms, ye tempeſts roar! Each change of fortune
Is but a change of virtue.---

Enter OZMAR.

Alzuma. Valiant Ozmar,
Let me embrace thee---Ozmar, ſpite of all
My heart's beſt firmneſs, it drops blood for thee.
Ozmar. Alzuma! Tears!---And doſt thou think me then
So poor of ſoul?---
Alzuma. Ozmar, I will not weep.
I will not ſtain a righteous cauſe with tears.---
And yet frail nature thus will guſh it's way.

Oh!

Oh! there's a cauſe that conſecrates each drop
That burns it's channel down the ſoldier's cheek!
Ozmar, to ſee a nation bleeding round us,
Yet fetter'd thus in chains---I cannot ſpeak---
Thy own great heart will tell thee.---
Ozmar. Gen'rous Prince!
Embitter not the cup of woe.---
Alzuma. To die
Inglorious! Unreveng'd!---My father's death,
Thy ſavage maſſacre, lamented ſhade!
Oh! Atabalipa, yet unaton'd!
His queen Orazia, my much honour'd mother,
How has fate dealt with her?---My ſiſter too,
Poor Orellana!---'Tis a long, long time
Since laſt theſe eyes beheld her.---Breathes ſhe ſtill
The vital air?---And oh! what happy clime
Affords her innocence and truth a ſhelter?
Alzuma knows not, and that piercing thought
Unmans my ſoul, and gives a ſting to death.
Ozmar. The holy pow'rs, who watch o'er innocence---
Alzuma. No pow'rs protect it now.---Where were ye, gods,
In that black period when the Spaniſh ſpoiler
Firſt ſpoke in thunder to us?---Not your own
Thrice honour'd temples then contain'd ye!---No!
Your ſacred temples, and your holy altars
You left defenceleſs.---You have loſt your rites,
Your kings their empire, and Peru her freedom.
Ozmar. If deeds heroic could have ſav'd the ſtate
Thy own great patriot toil---
Alzuma. Where were ye, gods,
When late in Chili's wide extended plains
I ſought the embattled foe?---From ev'ry quarter
I brought the weſtern world in arms.---The ſun
Beneath the burning line beheld my courſe,
Back to the Tropic ſaw my rapid march;---
The queen of night and ev'ry vivid planet
Walking in brightneſs their empyreal round
Saw my unwearied labour---ſaw me guide

Down

Down the broad Amazon my rapid bark,
Each iſland viſiting; on ev'ry ſhore
Invoking vengeance; heav'n beheld it all,
Yet left me in th' extreme, to hoſtile gods,
Th' unjuſt, revengeful, cruel gods of Spain,
Betray'd a faithful unſuſpecting race. —

Ozmar. Yes, all, all's loſt, all ruin'd!---That laſt battle
Has giv'n 'em up the world---Almagro's arms
Heap'd hideous ruin on us ———

Alzuma. Ozmar there,
There liberty amidſt that purple heap
Her gen'rous boſom, grac'd with honeſt ſcars,
Groan'd and expir'd.---Oh! City of the Sun,
Ye ſacred aſhes of my friends, who periſh'd
In your lov'd country's laſt expiring blaze!
Oh! ſeat of empire!--Witneſs in your fall
I have dar'd nobly for you.

Enter GONZALEZ *and Guards.*

Gon. Be thoſe chains
Inſtant releas'd, and ſet the priſ'ners free.
[*Soldiers unchain them.*

Alzuma. Ah! that ſoft virgin form appears again!
This way ſhe bends her ſteps.---What may this mean?

Enter ORELLANA.

Orel. There is your warrant, Sir,---Pizarro's hand
Hath ſign'd their freedom!

Gon. I obey the mandate. [*Exit with ſoldiers.*

Alzuma. Tell me, thou fair unknown! To what new ſcenes
Our fate reſerves us both?---

Orel. Humanity
And juſtice plead your cauſe.

Alzuma. And does thy heart
Feel the ſoft touch of nature for the wretched?

Orel. Stranger, my heart is feelingly alive

When miſery claims a tear-- that fruitleſs tribute
Is all I can, and heav'n demands it of me.
Alzuma. I pray ye mock me not--a Spaniard's heav'n
Inſpires revenge, and cruelty and murder.
Orel. In me you ſee a daughter of Peru,
And nature and religion bind me to you.
Alzuma. Then our own gods watch o'er affliction ſtill,
And at their hands I do accept my life.
Oh! Gen'rous virgin, I reſpect thy virtues---
The pow'rs that gave them, will reward them too—
If not, in ev'ry ſtate, in death or conqueſt,
They are their own ſweet recompence.
Orel. That mien!
That prompt heroic ardor!---Stranger, ſay
Whence and what art thou?---
Alzuma. By my birth obſcure:---
Almagro late beheld me graſp the javelin,
And 'midſt the gen'ral carnage of that day,
Seek death in vain thro' all the paths of war.
Orel. Ah! tell me then?---I tremble while I aſk---
Where is Alzuma?---Lives he?---Does he yet
Elude the tyrant's ſearch?---Or has he fought
The vale of fleeting ſpirits? --Quickly tell me,
For oh! I long to hear---
Alzuma. Support me, Ozmar---
Her tender ſympathy---
Ozmar. Now ſummon all
Your manly firmneſs.---ſhe's a ſtranger yet——
Let prudence guard thee——
Orel. Ah! diſtract me not———
Why art thou pale!—Why gath'ring in thy eye
Stand thoſe round drops?—Alas! he is no more—
Ozmar. Alzuma lives!
Orel. Lives!
Ozmar. But far hence remote
Seeks a retreat for miſery and freedom—
Orel. Then am I bleſs'd indeed!——
Alzuma. Abſorb'd in wonder,
My flutt'ring ſoul feels all her functions loſt.
Orel. Weep'ſt thou, brave youth?—Ah! Say what
hidden cauſe——

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Thy gen'rous tenderneſs.—Like you I'm born
With too much ſenſibility of heart.
Orel. Indeed you ſeem to bear a noble nature——
Say will you undertake like men, and dare
A hardy enterprize, that tends at once
To your own ſafety and the general weal?
Alzuma. Speak thy intent.—Ev'n ruin'd as we are
We boaſt the virtue ſtill to ſerve thy cauſe.
Orel. Then mark my words—anon, when in the palace,
All court the Spaniard's ſmiles, and do the work
Of low ambition, then with cautious ſtep
Repair you both to yonder ſacred temple,
In happier days the temple of the Sun!
Now other worſhip, other rites prevail. —
Employ'd in ſecret duty there you'll find me.

Enter GONZALEZ.

Orel. What would Gonzalez?—
Gon. With determin'd haſte
The empreſs ſeeks you.———
Orel. Lead your captives forth.———
[*They bow and are going out.*

Enter ORAZIA.

Orazia. Theſe are the inſolents whom thy entreaty
Has ſav'd from juſtice.
Orel. To Don Carlos' goodneſs
I bow in gratitude ———
Orazia. Take heed, raſh men,
Or vengeance waits you——
(*they go out.*) Orellana hear.
Don Carlos languiſhes with gentleſt paſſion,
And wooes you to his arms.—A mother's voice
Commands thee to abjure fictitious gods,
And make thee lineal to our ancient ſceptre.——
Orel. What, while my brother lives!——

Orazia. Pizarro ſees,
At length with indignation ſees his ſlave
Suſpend the progreſs of our righteous faith.
Orel. His ſlave! — A robber's ſlave! — Is that befitting?
Is that my mother?—Theſe are virtue's tears——
They mean you no offence.———
Orazia. Ungrateful child!
Still with inceſſant rage to ſteel your heart,
Againſt a victor, whom high Heav'n approves,
Againſt a mother, who would ſave you ſtill.
Orel. The tyrant has my curſes—I avow it—
My bittereſt imprecations on him!---But
A mother claims reſpect---Then hear my pray'r---
Let not your Chriſtian worſhip, while it gives
New modes of faith---Oh! let it ne'er efface
The virtues of humanity--- [*Exit.*
Orazia. Oh! blind,
And fatal ſuperſtition!—fix'd in error,
Alas! ſhe ſees not that by heav'n commiſſion'd
To chaſe credulity Pizarro came,
And reigns by right divine o'er ev'ry heart.
Oh! happy ſtate! Chriſtian Orazia now
Glows for the honour of eternal truth,---
To that bows rev'rent down, and joys to ſee
Awful religion bear the ſword of juſtice. [*Exit.*

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

Alzuma. Tread you not, Ozmar, with a ſolemn fear
This hallow'd pavement?
Ozmar. As I trace thy ſteps,
A thouſand mix'd emotions heave within me.
Alzuma. Thou ſacred dome! Thou venerable pile!
Where erſt the pious daughters of the Sun
In meditation dwelt, and ſacred ſong!
No more for you thoſe rites – no more you'll hear
Their pious vows, and their melodious ſtrains.

The

The Spaniſh robber violates your altars,
And foreign gods poſſeſs you.———
Ozmar. Yet, Alzuma,
Who knows what that bright maid———
Alzuma. Some deep intent
Rolls in her boſom—hark!---a feeble ſound
Comes ſlowly winding thro' yon lengthen'd iſle
[*Muſick is heard at a diſtance.*
It gains upon the ear---and lo! a train
Of ſupplicating nymphs---ye hoſt of heav'n!
Our own ſolemnities! how my heart glows
With pious ardour! Let us hence, my friend,
Leſt we intrude upon their virgin choir.
[*They retire.*

Enter ORELLANA, EMIRA, ZILIA, *and other Virgins. An Image of the Sun, the Moon, &c. in their Hands, a Cenſer of Fire, and ſome ſtrewing Flowers.*

ODE.

I.

Bright orb, that rul'ſt th' ætherial way,
And pour'ſt the radiant flood of day;
Thou ſiſter regent of the night,
Who ſhed'ſt o'er all thy ſober light;
Ye ſtars, that gleam from pole to pole;
Ye thunders o'er our heads that roll;
Ye lightnings, rains, ye ſtorms on high,
That ſpeak the preſent deity:

Hear your own ſervants; hear our virgin throng;
Oh! ſave Alzuma---hear our myſtic ſong.

II.

Ye band of venerable juſt,
Ye warriors long ſince laid in duſt;

Whether in ſilent groves ye ſtray,
Glow in the ſtars or ſolar way;
Aſſemble all ye mighty dead,
And ſtalk around the Spaniard's bed;
In his fell heart with diſmal yell
Awaken all the fiends of hell;

Aſſiſt Alzuma; arm each honeſt hand,
And tear a guilty tyrant from the land.

[*They go out in proceſſion.*

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

Alzuma. For me their vows aſcend!---the pious train
Warble their orizons for loſt Alzuma!---
Oh! Ozmar, Oh! my friend!---the melting notes
With thoughts that burn expand my glowing ſoul.
Ha! that ſweet maid approaches!---

Enter ORELLANA.

Ozmar. Now be huſh'd
Each ſudden tranſport---to diſcloſe thy name
Might fatal prove.

ORELLANA *coming forward.*

Alas! my ſpirits ſink---
Cold tremors ſhake my frame.---
Alzuma. Your pardon, virgin,
That thus encroaching on the hallow'd hour---
Orel. Strangers! you're welcome both---the wretched ever
Bear their own paſport to me---train'd myſelf
In ſad affliction's ſchool, and wanting much
Some charitable aid, theſe hands are ready
To wipe the tear from the pale cheek of care.---
Alzuma. Alas! misfortune, as we riſe to life,
Prepares her chalice for each human lip:
We all are doom'd to weep.---

Orel.

Orel. Ye gen'rous youths,
I ſee you both are apt to melt at woe.—
I will not trouble you——
Alzuma. If there is aught
May ſerve you, virgin, truſt your faithful ſlaves—
Theſe tears but ſtrengthen virtue—ſpeak thy will.
Orel. There is a buſineſs lab'ring in my heart
That calls for firmeſt vigour.———
Alzuma. If to drench
A dagger's point in the fell Spaniard's blood—
Orel. It wants no bloodſhed--tell me will you ſerve me? —
Alzuma. By heav'n I will—
Orel. Say will you traverſe o'er
The foreſts wild and continents of ſand,
To bear a meſſage to a much lov'd brother,
On whoſe dear life my happineſs is grafted?
Alzuma. Direct our courſe—we'll ſeek him ſtraight.—
Orel. Alas!
Baniſhed far hence, dear youth! He little thinks
How here I drag the Spaniard's galling chain,
And neither live nor die.—But here I've form'd
In braided colours the ſad tale of woe———
[*Takes out a braid of colours.*
He knows not letters, which th' inventive Spaniard
Has hither brought—But this will tell him all—
This will inſtruct him to avoid this place—
Let me be wretched, I'll endure it all—
But bleſs him gods—watch over all his ways—
My woes muſt end me ſoon.———
Alzuma. No, thou ſhalt join
Our flight—we'll bear thee to him—
Orel. Weak of limb
My ſtrength would fail me—wilt thou give him this?
Alzuma. I will—by every Pow'r above, I will.
Orel. Then take it, youth, and bear it to Alzuma.—
Alzuma. Alzuma!—
Orel. Yes; to him.—
Alzuma. Ye gracious powers!
And bear it to Alzuma!—Orellana!

Orel. Thoſe trembling accents! Oh! the various meanings
Of ev'ry feature—Ah! that look of thine—
Alzuma. I am, I am, Alzuma—Oh! my ſiſter!
I, I am he—this fond embrace atteſts it.
She faints—ſhe faints—Oh! couldſt thou e'er have hop'd it?
'Tis Orellana!—'tis, it is my ſiſter.
Orel. That air! that face! juſt ſo my father look'd!—
I ſcarce can think it yet—thou art not—tell me—
Say art thou he?—Peru's ſurviving heir—
Art thou Alzuma?—does thy breaſt retain
The tiger's fang?
Alzuma. It does, it does——
Orel. Have I ſo long
Forbore to wander o'er him with my kiſſes?—
To claſp thee cloſe, and own thee with my tears?—
[*Embraces him.*
Alzuma. Grow to thy brother's heart, thou virtuous maid!—
Ozmar, the Gods are here—they have not yet
Deſerted innocence.—Thou watch, my friend,
That none intrude upon this hour of joy.—
[*Exit Ozmar.*
Orel. Why didſt thou venture here? to this dire place?
Oh! quickly fly—of all the Sun beheld
In his own city, by immortals rais'd,
This temple only ſtands.—
Alzuma. Where is Orazia?—
Orel. She lives.
Alzuma. Then to her honour and her gods
She ſtill lives true—I know her virtue well.—
Orel. This ſide the grave no mortal virtue's known;—
She's married to Pizarro.
Alzuma. Married to him!—
Falſe to her faith, and married to Pizarro!—
Orel. She ſhares his tyrant ſceptre.—
Alzuma. Oh! may heav'n—

Yet

Yet ſhe's my mother ſtill—forgive her gods!
If your dread ſway can bear ſuch crimes, forgive her,
And keep your red'ning vengeance for the Spaniard—
Say ſhall I ſee Orazia?—
Orel. At yon portal
You met her dreadful frown.
Alzuma. Was that my mother?—
Unnatural woman!
Orel. In her ruined mind
Sits blind enthuſiaſm with'ring ev'ry virtue.
Zeal forges fetters for a free born race,
And murder's blade gleams in religion's hand.
Alzuma. Bright orb! thou hear'ſt it—I make no appeal
To you againſt her—but to find thee thus,
Thou beſt of ſiſters—'midſt a mother's crimes
That rend my ſoul—it mixes tend'reſt joy,
And makes theſe tears a tranſport. Tell thy brother,
What force upheld thee?—how faſt thou ſuſtain'd
Thy faith inviolate?—
Orel. The Spaniard's rage
Liſts ev'ry paſſion on the ſide of virtue.
Thou wer't far hence, know'ſt not the horrid night,
That heav'd this mighty empire from its baſe.
Alzuma. Ev'n now I ſhudder for thee!
Orel. Cloyſter'd here
Two hundred choſen virgins of the Sun,
Here in this very temple pour'd their praiſe
In midnight harmony to ev'ry god,
And bore thro' glimm'ring iſles th' eternal fire;
When the foe ruſh'd upon us; burſt the ſanctuary
Which ſince the world's foundation till that hour
Man never dar'd profane—with virgin ſhrieks,
And female lamentation rung the dome;
Devouring rage, and pale diſmay, and death
Ran wild in horrid forms; the crimſon pavement
Floated with gore;—no check their fury felt,
'Till weary ſlaughter ſtopt at laſt for breath,
And ſpar'd a wretched few.
Alzuma. Thou virtuous maid!
What pitying God preſerv'd thee?

Orel. 'Twas in wrath,——
In vengeance I was ſav'd—to greater ills
Alas! reſerv'd!—to ſee my father murder'd——
Alzuma. Oh! bleſſed be his ſhade!—
Orel. E'er ſince Pizarro
Urges to change my gods, and join his ſon
In impious wedlock——
Alzuma. May his ſoul be plung'd
In ever burning floods of liquid gold,
And be his avarice the fiend that damns him!
[*Muſic heard.*
Orel. End we our conf'rence here—the virgin band
Wait my return—I would not have thee known—
Retire my brother—
Alzuma. And muſt we part ſo ſoon?
Orel. Alas! too ſure we muſt—a faithful friend
Shall lead thee to the grove where oft I walk
In bitterneſs of ſoul.
Alzuma. Yet e'er you go——
Here kneel, and ſwear by all the holy pow'rs
Whom with firm conſtancy Peru adores,
By the dear ſhades of long departed heroes,
Whom av'rice ſlaughter'd, or religion ſtabb'd,
Swear here, by all thoſe great, thoſe awful ſanctions,
Thou never wilt betray thy plighted vows.
Orel. Yes, Orellana ratifies the oath!
Alzuma. Now once again come to this fond embrace.
We'll meet anon——
Orel. We ſhall——
Alzuma. Farewell, farewell!
[*She goes out.*
Protect, ye pow'rs, that ſtruggling innocence.
In your own holy cauſe ſhe ſuffers all.
Are ye no more the gods of peace?---No more
Affliction's friends?---If that excelling goodneſs,
If ſhe is wretched thus---yet let me not
Like the baſe Chriſtian foe, with pious rage
Who deals deſtruction round, and deems his murder
Grateful on high---Oh! let me not like him

With

With horrid attributes affront my god!
Yes, Heav'n is bounteous ſtill---ye gracious pow'rs!
Of you and your juſt ways I'll not complain.
You've made us virtuous, and have done enough!---

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Scene the Temple.

Enter CARLOS *and* GONZALEZ.

Car. THOU haſt my thanks, Gonzalez---my fond heart
But for thy watchful care had been the ſport
Of a fierce ſavage beauty.---Now I know
The minion of her ſoul :---Oh ! that reflection
Shoots all the fires of diſappointed love
Thro' my diſtracted heart.
Gon. Forgive, my lord,
If I unwittingly have fix'd a pang
That preys upon your peace.——In yonder grove
I ſaw them meet in ſecret interview.———
Car. I ſaw them too---thy vigilance inform'd me---
Theſe eyes beheld them in cloſe amorous parley,
In ardent gaze---Beheld a peaſant ſlave
Familiar with that luxury of charms,
With Orellana's charms ! It fires to madneſs.
I ſaw that wretch whom I redeem'd from death,
At her requeſt redeem'd---Unthinking fool !
I ſaw him meet her in the conſcious grove,
Embracing and embrac'd !
Gon. Periſh the thought,
That thus diſturbs your breaſt---you know my lord,
By your command I ſeiz'd the ſlave, and now
Far other chains than thoſe of love infold him.
Car. E'er long he dies---this very hour ſhall ſee him
A Chriſtian or a victim to his errors.———

Gon.

Gon. The guards now lead him forth———
Car. Was it for this
The tyrant fair oppos'd ev'n heav'n itſelf?
Oh! at the altar's foot her lov'd idea
Was preſent ſtill, and zeal for heav'nly truth
A tear from thoſe bright eyes diſſolv'd away;———
But falſe compaſſion rules my heart no more.
I ſaw her meet the ſlave—at my approach
Fierce indignation darted from her eye,
And ſtraight ſhe turn'd with high diſdain away.
Ah!---See! She comes!—Still lovely in her guilt!
[*Exit Gonzalez.*
The haughty fierceneſs of untutor'd virtue
Beams ſavage graces round her; ſtill ſhe muſt,
She ſhall be mine; my heart adores her ſtill.

Enter ORELLANA.

Orel. You have done this, Sir,----and I thank you for it———
Car. Think not I urg'd ſeverity againſt thee---
But oh! do juſtice to that gentle nature
That governs here; that now throbs wildly for you,
With all the ſoft ſolicitude of love.
Orel. What has a wretch like me to do with love?
Car. Doſt thou avoid me then, thou cruel fair?
Doſt thou avoid me?---Now I know the cauſe
That made thee unrelenting to my ſighs———
I know your Paramour---now know for whom
Don Carlos' vows were all diſpers'd in air;
For years who held dominion o'er your heart,
And made me languiſh at your feet in vain.
Orel. And if I cheriſh'd a long hidden flame,
Who claims a right to tyrannize my heart?
Car. Think'ſt thou a breaſt ſuſceptible as mine,
That ſwells with rapture if thou deign'ſt to ſmile,
Or by a frown is tortur'd in the extreme,
Think'ſt thou a heart like mine will e'er permit
A conquer'd ſlave to win thy laſt regard?
Oh! there's an avarice in love that claims
Each gentle grace, each amiable air,

Claims

Claims the noble hoard of ſweets, and will not bear
A word, a look directed to another.———
Orel. And mean'ſt thou then to choak the voice of pity?
Is that the purpoſe?—Know the injur'd youth,
Whom thy fell rage but now has doom'd to death,
Is miſerable—therefore dear to me;——
Know he is virtuous---therefore has my love.
Car. Thy love!---Does he poſſeſs it?---He,
Inhuman fair!---But yet recall the word——
Our laws that ſpare no infidel———
Orel. Thou Spaniard!
Thou fierce barbarian from a world unknown!——
But all our ſacred rites thou haſt profan'd,
And well may'ſt violate love's altar too.
Come, point thy dagger at this virgin breaſt,
And conquer hearts, as you would force our faith.
Car. You wrong me much; hear Orellana, hear
Thy tendereſt ſuppliant.
Orel. Never---woman's weakneſs
With pity ſaw you kneeling at my feet,
And ſighing fruitleſs vows---But this laſt outrage
Againſt a helpleſs captive---Witneſs gods!
If Orellana hear this Spaniard more,
Or liſten to the tale of impious love,
Deep down in earth may ſhe alive be buried,
Her ſpirit doom'd to wander o'er the world,
And never reach the manſion of her fathers.——
Car. Your minion dies---my rage is up in arms,
And the ſoft voice of love ſhall plead no more. [*Exit.*
Orel. Barbarian go!---Ah! there's a ſight indeed
Afreſh that opens ev'ry ſource of grief.

Enter ALZUMA *in chains.*

Orel. Oh! Let me ſeek thy mother, tell her all;
With the ſtrong eloquence of filial tears,
I'll throw me at her feet, and in her heart,
Loſt as it is, I'll find ſome hidden fibre,
Where all the mother trembles for her offspring.——

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Reſtrain this rage---Alzuma would not owe
A ſecond favour to her---She, alas!
Is dead to nature---That accurſed fiend,
Fanatic fury, blaſts each moral virtue.——
She has pronounc'd my doom.---Let her not know
She kills a ſon--Oh! let me never add
That guilt atrocious to a parent's crimes.
Orel. Are there no means to ſave thee?---
Alzuma. Look not thus——
Ennobled by thy virtues—by diſtreſs
Endear'd:—Each glance thou ſend'ſt unmans me quite,
And ev'n a brother's fondneſs akes to view thee.
Thy goodneſs charms, and by each heart-ſtring draws me
Back to this hated world.---For thee, my ſiſter,
When I ſhould boldly tread the ridge of peril,
And dare the depth below—for thy dear ſake
I cling to life—extend my feeble arms,
But thou no aid can'ſt give.——
Orel. Diſtracting thought!
Muſt I ſurvive thee helpleſs and forlorn,
A victim to the Spaniard's hated love?
Alzuma. There lies the pang that bids theſe drops of anguiſh
Fall in this copious ſtream—not for myſelf
I feel—But oh! when I am gone—when fate
Has ſtretch'd this body on the flinty earth,
Who ſhall defend thy weakneſs?—Muſt I leave thee
A prey to ruffian force?—Muſt that rare beauty,
Shall that conſpire againſt thee? muſt thoſe eyes
Obedient roll to a fierce conqu'ror's will,
Inflame his hot deſires, to plunge thee deeper
In ſhame and ſervitude?
Orel. Unpitying gods!
Alzuma. Perhaps to waft thee from thy native land
To foreign altars, and a foreign bed!——
Orel. There is but one, one only refuge ——
Alzuma. Name it—
Orel. I'll periſh with thee—Lo! Behold a weapon!—
[*Shews a dagger.*
Alzuma. Ha!

Orel.

Orel. Where'er thy ſpirit wings it's happy flight,
I'll hail th' triumph—Soar on trembling wing,
And diſtant eye thy radiant tract of glory
To ev'ry kindred ſtar.——
Alzuma. Relentleſs pow'rs!
No other boon you've left me to beſtow.
Orel. Ah! me! they come — the fell Pizarro comes.———

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, CARLOS, *Guards, &c.*

Ora. Now, Orellana, we demand compliance.—
Provoke our wrath no more—the veſted prieſt
Waits at the altar; there Don Carlos' love
And heav'n indulgent claim thee for their own.
Alzuma. Unnatural, barbarous mother! [*Aſide.*
Orel. For his love
Don Carlos has my thanks—Spain will not think
Her luſtre tarniſh'd, that a wretch like me
Feels no ambition for her proud alliance.
The gods of Spain —
Ora. This arrogance—
Orel. Indulge
A favourable ear—the Gods of Spain
Will not be jealous that no fragrance rolls
Around their ſhrines from me—If error's maze
Miſguide my ſteps, their all pervading eye
Will read the honeſt purpoſe of my ſoul,
And mercy win the thunder from their hands.
Ora. This wilful diſobedience!—Who has taught
The vain deluſive dream?———
Car. That ſlave!——'Tis he,
Who rules her wayward fancy.—
Ora. Ha!—That traitor!
Doſt thou preſume to ſpread ſedition here?
Alzuma. (*Looking at her.*) Oh! Thou apoſtate!—
Theſe hot burning tears
Will burſt their way—
Pizarro. And does thy ſullen eye
Dart the fierce glance of treaſon on your queen?

Ora.

Ora. Who and what art thou ?
Alzuma. I've no rank or name,
To plead my cauſe in thy obdurate heart.
To your own child unnatural as thou art
I have no claim to mercy—
Pizarro. Baſe reviler !
Within the tropic all muſt think alike.
Alzuma. Betwixt us both the ſacred ſhaft of war
Has long been ſhot, and enmity prevails
Fierce, inextinguiſhable !
Ora. My example
May teach thee, ſlave, to yield to ſacred truth,
And Spain's imperial mandate.
Alzuma. Thy example !
Full well you judg'd, thou traitreſs to thy country !—
To fly to gods who can forgive thy crimes—
Ours ſhudder at them.—
Pizarro. To the altar drag
The impious ſlave.— [*Guards ſeize Alzuma.*
Orel. Oh ! wretched Orellana !
Alzuma. Barbarians hold ! Yet Spaniard ere I die
Hear my laſt fervent prayer.---'Twas luſt of gold,
Not zeal for truth and love of human kind,
That brought you to Peru.---And may that gold,
Oh ! may it prove to Spain the direful ſpring
Of worſe calamities than we have felt ;
May it unnerve your arm ; diſſolve in ſloth
Laborious induſtry ;---ne'er let your plains
The toiling hand of cultivation know ;
Kindle fierce war ; and may ſome happier ſtate,
Whoſe ſons with love of gen'rous freedom glowing
Preſerve their civil and religious rites,
The foes of tyranny !---who found their laws
On the broad baſe of reaſon and of nature ;
Oh ! may that happy ſtate, if ſuch there be !---
With bolder prow triumphant o'er the deep,
Purſue you hither with avenging thunder,
In your own harbours wrap your ſhips in fire,
And bow ye down to ſeek deteſted gold
For others uſes !---Be that curſe upon ye !

Pizarro.

Pizarro. His blaſphemy pollutes the air---forthwith
Give him the death he merits.---
Orel. Once again
Let me embrace him ---One laſt ſad farewell
No pow'r on earth ſhall hinder. [*Embraces him.*
Car. Ha! that inſolent!
Perdition ſeize the ſlave!—Shall he enjoy—
By heav'n this ſabre cleaves him to the ground.
[*Going to ſtrike.*
Orel. Now by the vital air---by ev'ry pow'r
That guides, impels, or melts the human heart,
By yon bright orb of day, by your own gods,
Enough of blood they've had—By them I aſk—
They will approve ſoft pity—Spare his life,
Oh! Spare his innocence, nor murder me.
Car. Tear off her hold—By heav'n the ſlave—
Orel. Now ſtrike,
Now execute your purpoſe---with the blow
This ready dagger plunges to my heart.
Car. Hold, Orellana!—This abhorred ſteel
[*Takes the dagger from her.*
Was never meant to wound thy tender form---
Thou haſt diſarm'd my vengeance---By yon heav'n
I would not ſee thy beauteous boſom gor'd
For the extended empire of the world.---
Orel. If ought of cruelty the pris'ner ſuffer,
This hand ſhall ſet me free.---
Car. Diſpel thy fears---
I will not urge his fate---I will not urge
Thee to compliance---Guiltleſs of his death
I leave this temple, leave this ſcene of horror
Where perſecution draws th' unhallow'd ſword,
And murders for belief.
Pizarro. Yet Carlos ſtay,
I charge thee ſtay, nor dare again traduce
A father's deeds.
Car. Your pardon, Sir; my heart revolts,
And will not ſee that youth, whoe'ver he be,
A victim to the blind inſenſate rage
That ſheds man's blood, and dares to think it virtue.
[*Exit.*
Pizarro.

Pizarro. Ha! The time calls for rigour; feeble laws
And government relax'd might hazard all
The laurels this good ſword has reap'd in war.
Raſh and preſumptuous boy!---By my command
He ſhall retrace his ſteps;---This very hour
Sees Orellana his. Ourſelf will ſeek him.
Mean time, Orazia, be it thine to ſee
That traitor die a victim to his crimes. [*Exit.*

Ora. Yield Orellana: Or thy mother's love
Turns to vindictive rage.

Alzuma. Diſhonour blaſt
The horrid counſel---rather brave with ſcorn
Their fierceſt hate---Not all the worſt of ills
The purple tyrant has in ſtore for virtue
Can plead for pardon with your gods abjur'd.
Oh! Shun the guilt of treaſon to your ſoul!---
On the mind fix'd and obſtinately juſt
Ev'n ruin falls in vain.———

Ora. It falls this moment
On thy devoted head---

Orel. Orazia, hear me---
Reſtrain this rage---all nature ſtarts with horror.---
Humanity is ſhock'd---if he muſt die,
Of all who live, thou ſhould'ſt be innocent.---

Ora. Cling not about me thus———

Orel. Forbear, forbear
The horrid ſtroke—not all the dews of Heav'n
Will waſh the barb'rous murder from your hands.
Remorſe and anguiſh follow---peace of mind
Will ever ſhun thee---fiends will haunt thy brain,
And all the madneſs of deſpairing guilt.

Ora. Thou plead'ſt in vain---my ſoul expanding feels
The glowing rapture, the exalted purpoſe
That ſwells above the infirmities of nature,
And burns with all it's god.---

Orel. Ye hoſt of heav'n!
Seize Orellana---drag her to your altar;
In horrid union bind me to Don Carlos,
Rather than break by one atrocious act,
All the eternal ties that link the world.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Thou break them not---our country and our gods
Thoſe are our firſt connexions---for my life
It is not worth my care—who dies for freedom
Has liv'd his courſe of nature and of glory,
And who ſurvives it but a ſingle hour,
Has liv'd that hour too much. —
Orel. My ſoul reſumes
Her ſtrength --I will not yield—
Ora. The traitor dies —
He dies this moment —
Alzuma. Undiſmay'd I come.
Orel. No---never---never---here theſe hands ſhall hold him— [*A ſoldier lays hold of her.*
He ſhall not die—tear, tear me piecemeal firſt—
I'll periſh with him rather---let the blow
That ends his life, unite us both in death---
[*She is torn from him, a ſoldier ſtands at the altar with a liſted ſabre.*
Alzuma. Now Altabalipa, where'er thy ſpirit
Roams in uncertain being, with thy firmneſs
Inſpire me now---teach me like thee to die.
Ora. Ah!---wherefore ſhould the ſlave invoke that name? [*She goes near the ſoldier.*
Alzuma. Lo thus I bare my boſom!
[*Goes up to the altar.*
Ora. Ha!
Orel. Yet hold! [*Held by a ſoldier.*
Thou wretched mother hold---it is---forbear---
It is the pureſt blood of all Peru---
A vengeful god---a god of wrath beholds
The barb'rous deed---I hear his thunder roll---
It burſts the roof---the pillar'd temple falls --
It falls to cruſh ye all---
Alzuma. Here ſtrike at once,
And with my life-blood glut her frantic rage.
Ora. Forbear *(holding the ſoldier)* I charge thee; ſtop the bloody ſtroke---
Oh! wonder-working pow'rs! [*faints away.*
Orel. The well known token
Grav'd on his breaſt has mark'd him for her ſon. [*aſide.*

Enter

Enter PIZARRO.

Pizarro. No, nought ſhall ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul--
Orazia! why thus ſinks her drooping ſpirit?
Alzuma. Does juſtice triumph o'er the gods of Spain?
Orel. Recall her heav'n, and o'er her waking ſenſe
Pour down your gentleſt influence.— [*Aſſiſts Orazia.*
Pizarro. Rebel ſlave!
Th' exterminating wrath of heav'n purſues thee—
Still ſhalt thou meet thy fate—
Ora. Oh! lend your aid,—
And lead me, lead my ſteps—my Lord Pizarro,
If e'er Orazia won thy kind affections,
Remit the cruel rigour of the law,
And ſpare a wretch's life.—
Pizarro. She too rebels—
She pleads for hereſy—
Orel. Oh, no! I plead
For mercy, and for juſtice.—
Pizarro. Would'ſt thou ſave
That wilful obſtinate? reflect Orazia;
Is this your faith?—Is this your promis'd zeal?
Ora. Zeal in exceſs is vice—'tis impious—
Horrid repugnance to the will of heav'n;
Subverſive of each virtue; foe to all
The tender laws of charity and love;
Thoſe laws that raiſe, and dignify our being,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.
Pizarro. Thy words are treaſon—
Ora. No! 'tis juſtice ſpeaks—
Thanks to th' eternal pow'rs, at length I ſee
That each religion, truth itſelf may have
Its wild enthuſiaſts, and its frantic zealots.—
Pizarro. By heav'n ſome hidden meaning lurks beneath
This ſudden revolution of thy heart.
Ora. Oh! ſpare his innocence—have mercy—

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Yes,
The ſlave ſhall live till from that ſtubborn ſpirit
Torture hath wrung each deep, each hidden purpoſe.
See him ſecur'd in the deep dungeon's gloom.
Alzuma. Yes, lead me hence, where I no more may ſee
This hated race—but oh! when I am gone,
Reſpect her woes, her helpleſs innocence—
From death I ſhrink not—nature at my birth
Condemn'd me to it—ſoon the hour ſhall come
When truth, when conſcience ſhall condemn thy deeds—
[*Exit.*

Pizarro. The rebel's doom is fix'd—I burn to ſee
Each ſhackled ſlave thro' our extended realm
Or live a Chriſtian, or embrace his fate.
[*Exit.*

ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

Ora. Oh! Orellana, 'tis—it is your brother—
The wound indented on his youthful breaſt—
Plainly I ſaw it—'tis my child, my ſon—
Orel. It is Alzuma—oh! I know it all—
This day reveal'd it to me—
Ora. Was it juſt
To leave him thus expos'd?—
Orel. He will'd it ſo—
Ora. Wretch that I am!—I tremble at it ſtill—
Oh! whither was I plunging! what a depth
Of woe and guilt, unutterable guilt,
What endleſs miſery have I eſcap'd!
Murder my ſon!—barbarity unheard of!
It ſhocks my ſoul—and did he, could he think,
Could my child think me dead to human nature?
The thought diſtracts; it rives a mother's heart.
To thee I've been ungentle; thou haſt cauſe
To doubt my love—but come to my embrace.—
Orel. Oh! bleſs'd event! and do I live to taſte
This unexpected joy, this dear delight?

Ora.

Ora. The brink of horror, on which late I ſtood,
Recalls from error ev'ry wand'ring ſenſe.
Alzuma ſhall not die—the Chriſtian's God
Beams the ſweet ſmiles of univerſal love
On all his fair creation---haughty Spain
Perverts his holy laws; but ſtill the pow'r,
That warn'd my erring virtue, may inform him
Truth only triumphs when it conquers hearts,
And never gains by carnage and deſtruction.---

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

Scene the Palace.

Enter ORAZIA.

OH! Unexpected day of grief and joy!
My child, my child!---I have not yet forgot
To ſhed the tear of natural affection,
To know for whom I bore the child-bed pang;
I am not grown the horror of the world.---

Enter ORELLANA.

Orel. Alas! all's loſt---Don Carlos rages;---Stern Pizarro
Thirſts for Alzuma's blood---
Ora. A mother's love
Shall ſtill protect her offspring---Oh! My daughter,
Affection long an alien to this heart,
Guſhes in tumult thro' each panting vein.
Deſpair and anguiſh too o'erwhelm my ſpirits---
Yet, Oh! returning nature! yet thy griefs,
Thy very tears are tinctur'd ſtill with joy!
'Tis miſery delightful --
Orel. Yet ev'n now,
The fell Gonzalez leads Alzuma forth.
Ah! whither do they lead him?
Ora. 'Tis to me
They lead your brother forth---one interview
Unconſcious of his name Pizarro grants.
Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! What an interview!---A ſon enſlav'd,
And a fond mother, who uſurps his rights!—
I cannot ſee my child!—And yet I muſt,
I will behold him!—Hear his ſad, ſad ſtory,
Gaze on each feature—claſp him to my heart,
And periſh with him, if he's doom'd to bleed.—
Thou fly to Carlos,—ſoothe his troubled mind;
Exert your influence, or your brother's loſt.
Each moment's big with death.———

Orel. Protect him, Gods!
Now virtue ſtruggling in the laſt extreme
Calls for your guardian care. [*Exit.*

Ora. Ye blended colours, both of guilt and virtue,
Ye ſtrong emotions mix'd of grief and joy,
Oh! How your conflict racks my tortur'd ſoul!—

Enter GONZALEZ.

Gon. The pris'ner from his dungeon waits your will.
Ora. Give him admittance. [*Exit Gonzalez*] Now all-gracious Heav'n,
Support a mother;—aid me; touch my lips
With thy reſiſtleſs energy of ſpeech,
That I may calm the mighty ſtorm of paſſions,
And reconcile a ſon to life and truth.

Enter ALZUMA.

Ora. His awful ſtern regard———
Alzuma. My firmneſs fails,
And guilty as ſhe is, yet filial love,
Yet nature tells me, ſhe's my mother ſtill.
Ora. Approach my ſon—Embrace your——
Alzuma. Conſcious ſhame,
The ſenſe of vile miſdeeds—yes, goading conſcience
Choaks up thy voice, and tells thee that thou art——
Ora. A tyrant! an uſurper!—That's the name
Of horror thou would'ſt utter—yet Orazia
Is not ſo far abandon'd o'er to guilt,
But my heart bounds with tranſport, even thus
At length to ſee my ſon—You weep Alzuma——

Alzuma. Thou ſource of light!—Bright majeſty of Heav'n!
Thee I atteſt—from thee implore forgiveneſs
That thus I own a traitreſs; that theſe tears
Confeſs the ſacred character of ſon
You ſtamp'd upon my nature.———

Ora. Oh! Alzuma,
Did I command thy murder?—Earth and Heav'n!
A mother ready to imbrue her hands
In her child's—horror!—Why did'ſt thou conceal
The ſecret from me?—Why not ruſh for ſhelter
To theſe maternal arms?—But oh! I knew thee;
Parental inſtict gave the ſure alarm,
And now hear thee, view thee thus,—it wakes
Unutterable throbbings in my breaſt.

Alzuma. Well may'ſt thou view me; well may'ſt thou ſurvey
Thy ſon return'd!—He brings no foul diſhonour—
But thou---can'ſt thou---indelible reproach!——
Oh! ſtain to virtue!--rage and indignation
Burn in my ſoul, and kindle madneſs there.

Ora. Let not impetuous rage diſturb thy reaſon.
Heav'n on the Spaniards arms hath ſmil'd ſucceſs;
Thence on Peru ſhone forth the ray of truth,
Sublimer faith, and pure exalted morals.———

Alzuma. Morals!---Each word plants daggers in my heart———
Oh! Give me daggers rather; arm my hand
With their own deathful ſteel, that I may hold it
Crimſon and glowing with the tyrant's blood,
Aloft to view, and call my country free.

Ora. Controul this phrenzy——it were impious murder———

Alzuma. Murder! a ſacrifice! a glorious ſacrifice!
To injured men, and violated laws.———
What! he that kill'd my father!
And yet ſhe pleads a fell deſtroyer's cauſe!
Hold heart-ſtrings, crack not yet---a curs'd invader,
Who thins the race of man!---Ev'n now the cry
Of infants murder'd at the foſt'ring breaſt,
The ſhrieks of virgins, dying heroes groans

Sound

Sound in my ear---imperial palaces,
The temples of our gods all wrapt in fire!
Oh! image not, my ſoul, the horrid ſcene.
Ora. I cannot bear his ſtrong, his keen reproach.
Alzuma. Yet wedded to him!---well thoſe tears may guſh,
Well may thoſe bluſhes glow upon thy cheek.
Deteſted perfidy!---My father's heart,
That heart, which ever beat with love of thee,
Duſt as it is, awakens in his tomb,
Alive and ſenſible to guilt like thine;
It ſtirs, it rouzes in the ſhroud of death,
With horror at thy name, and feels it's pangs,
It's tortures o'er again.
Ora. Obdurate ſon!
Thus to transfix, and rend a mother's heart.---
Alzuma. Am I upon a bed of roſes?---Lo! in chains
My bleeding country! mark in ev'ry region
The deſolation that lays waſte the land!
Ora. Why wilt thou urge me to deſpair and horror?
Oh! kill me rather; let the deadly point
Pierce to my heart; I'll arm thee for the blow.
Avenge my crime; avenge your country's fall.
Alzuma. What ſays Orazia?
Ora. Stifle in my blood
The pious love I bear the Chriſtian's God.
Alzuma. Would'ſt thou debaſe me to the Spaniard's guilt?
If thou indeed believ'ſt the Chriſtian's God,
It is not mine to ſtab for human error:
Farewell! Farewell!---Live happy if thou can'ſt,
Oh! Heav'ns, if happineſs can dwell with guilt.---
[*Going.*
Ora. Yet ſtay, my ſon---one moment---
Alzuma. Pow'rful nature!———
Thy tender ſtrugglings---Oh! While thus thy hand
I bathe with tears, and print my kiſſes on it,
Let me implore thee, own your gods again,
My father's ſpirit calls---the ghaſtly ſhades
Of martyr'd millions, martyr'd for their faith,
All lift their hands and call aloud for vengeance.---

Orazia. Ariſe, my ſon, ariſe——
Alzuma. Let me not ſue,
And claſp your knee in vain——
Orazia. Oh! Strong contention
'Twixt grace and nature, 'twixt my God and thee!
Alzuma. Reſume your dignity, your native honour
Orazia. But Heav'n prevails——
Alzuma. Think of your bleeding country—
Orazia. I cannot, muſt not hear thee——Oh! Alzuma
Thy mind is loſt in darkneſs——
Alzuma. How!——
Orazia. Thy gods
Are ſuperſtition's dreams——
Alzuma. Away---no more— [*Riſing haſtily.*
I would not hear the voice of profanation——
Go tell your tyrant, all his threats are vain---
Tho' ſprung from thee I ſtill can die with glory---
Farewell! we part for ever——
Orazia. Hear me---hear---
Alzuma. Oh! Heav'ns---Orazia---'tis the laſt, laſt time
That e'er---may the juſt gods forgive thee all--- [*Exit.*
Orazia. Go, cruel, fierce, inexorable ſon!
Go, ſince thou wilt, to ruin, ruſh on death——
'Twill break thy miſerable mother's heart.---

ORAZIA, *and* DON CARLOS.

Ora. Well, Sir, Pizarro now has heard your counſel.
Carlos. And Orellana has heard thy advice;
That Indian captive too has heard you;---all
Thy arts are known; thy fair hypocriſy
To varniſh treaſon.
Ora. Oh! Thou wrong'ſt me much;---
Another cauſe---a cauſe of tend'reſt import;
It is the cauſe of ev'ry Chriſtian virtue;
Love, juſtice, and humanity are in it;
All that the earth holds dear, and heav'n approves.
Carlos Treaſon, rebellion, perfidy are in it.
For Orellana's huſband all your cares

Are

Are tremblingly alive.---This very day,
But for thy treachery, the ſlave had died.
Ora. Miſguided youth!---Alas! you little know
Th' eternal bar divine and human laws
Have fix'd between them---Orellana's huſband!
Oh! no---believe it not---
Carlos. And wherefore then
Alarm'd and wild with fear?---why ev'ry art
Of tears, of ſhrieks, and female lamentation,
To ſnatch the rebel from the ſtroke of juſtice?
Ora. Alas! theſe tears flow from the tend'reſt ſource
That wakes ſoft pity in the human heart.
Carlos---I cannot ſpeak---
Carlos. Ha! Now by Heav'n
I ſee it all---guilt can no more diſſemble---
That look betrays the ſecrets of the heart.---
The fraud ſtands manifeſt to view---
Ora. Yet hear me,
Oh! Carlos, hear me, nor afflict thyſelf
With falſe, with vain ſurmiſe---Orazia's cares
Are buſy for the wretched---
Carlos. Has ſhe then,
Perfidious fair!---has Orellana married
That baſe-born peaſant?---And does he hope
With her, in evil hour, to claim the crown?
That is your aim; for that I am deceiv'd---
That care you colour with the ſpecious name
Of generous ſympathy for human kind.
Ora. I feel it here---Theſe are unbidden drops---
'Tis you, raſh youth, you, Carlos, that can give
Fair virtue's ſemblance to each wild emotion
That prompts the ſudden deed---ere now 'twas love,
That tyrant of thy ſoul, capricious love,
Nay, gen'rous if you will; 'twas that which ſav'd
The lives of men, if Orellana ſmil'd;
And now ſhe looks averſe, the baleful charm
Still ſhoots delicious poiſon thro' thy ſoul,
And perſecuted men muſt pay the forfeit
Of maiden bluſhes, and of coy diſdain.
Carlos. Think'ſt thou Don Carlos means to live the
ſlave

Of idle charms, and tyrant beauty's frown?
No—let her charms neglected fade and perish.
May sorrow wither ev'ry nameless grace
That revell'd once in those deluding eyes.
Then let her lover gaze on faded beauty;
Let him enjoy—Oh! no—the slave shall die—
Then shall his pale inanimated corse
Glare in her view, an offering from Don Carlos,
The token of his love.

Ora. Away; no more;
Inhuman that thou art———

Carlos. Then let her shriek,
And rend her hair, and to his clay cold breast
Rivet her panting bosom—no! the traitress
Shall to the altar—thou shalt lead her thither,
And there her blood shall expiate her guilt.

Ora. Thou tiger nurs'd with gore! away, nor dare
With savage threats to wound a mother's ear.

Carl. The storm is gather'd, and the thunder soon
Shall burst in ruin on their guilty heads. [*Exit.*

Ora. Inhuman barb'rous man!—And must I lead
Midst songs of triumph, and thro' festive bands,
My daughter crown'd with garlands to the altar?
Shall there the priest, fell minister of wrath,
Force her to nuptials, which her soul abhors,
Which never---No---she'll perish rather---first
Give to the cruel ax that tender form!
And must her mother, must I then return
Alone---heart-broken---desolate---without
My child?---thro' arches raised with pomp for her?
Thro' ways still redolent of ev'ry flow'r,
Which, as she went, they strew'd beneath her feet?
I will not lead her---no---she shall not go---
Alzuma too---Oh! misery supreme!
Shall he too bleed?---Thou murd'rer! hold thy hand---
It is Orazia's blood thou shed'st---the God,
Who died for all, will not demand his life!—
He speaks—he menaces—but see, see there!—
He dies, he dies!

Enter

Enter ORELLANA.

Ora. Who's there?—What would'ſt thou?—ha!
Orel. Haſte thee, Orazia, haſte, and inſtant think,
Think of ſome means to ward th' impending ſtroke.
Enrag'd Pizarro comes;—Avow your ſon;
Peru's undoubted heir.—
Ora. It muſt not be——
That fatal truth would overwhelm us all—
Diſtraction—nought remains—no pow'r can ſave him.

Enter PIZARRO, DON CARLOS, *&c.*

Pizarro. Yes, bring the traitor forth—the ſanctity
Of laws, the policy of our new ſtate
Forbid all dull delay—

Enter ALZUMA, GONZALEZ *and Guards.*

Orazia. Angels of light protect him—Save my ſon.
[*Aſide.*
Pizarro. That once again I deign to parley with thee.
'Tis gentle pity prompts—take heed, raſh youth,
Or certain death—
Alzuma. Death is the only boon
That Spain can give, or I will deign to take.
Come bloody bigot!—Reverend aſſaſſin!
Come on at once—here wreak thy pious rage,
And do a murder in the name of heav'n
Pizarro. Doſt thou reproach us? Thou, who oft haſt ſeen
Blind ſuperſtition offer human victims,
To your own ſenſeleſs, to your monſtrous idols?
Alzuma. Poliſh'd barbarian!—What doſt thou do leſs?—
Pizarro. Beware, not tempt my vengeance!
Alzuma. Thou art he,
Who come'ſt to teach thy doctrine ſword in hand,
To tyrannize our ſouls; from free-born men
Withhold the ſacred privilege of thinking.

Thou haſt unchain'd, to ſpread deſtruction round,
Two fiends accurſt; Lo! where inſatiate avarice
Enſlaves mankind! Lo! Spaniſh hierarchy
Erects her ſcarlet head; with pious rage
Bears in her breaſt a poniard, and with blood
Incarnadines the altar of her god.

Pizarro. Slave mark my words.—No more I'll waſte the hours
In vain debate-- Reſign thyſelf to Spain;
Abjure thy errors, and embrace the truth,
Or elſe this moment ſweeps thee from my ſight,
To die, in view of thy deluded friends,
A terrible example of our vengeance.

Orazia. No, by the pow'rs above he ſhall not die.
The voice of heav'n reſtrains the murder'rs hand,
A voice that's heard through all the peopled earth,
Reſounding to the limits of the world.

Pizarro. Beware, beware, Orazia!---

Carlos. Still ſhe favours
That inſolent, who ſpurns the light of heav'n.

Orazia. Oh! 'tis the light of heav'n informs my ſoul.
Theſe ſtrong emotions by the Pow'r Supreme
Were planted here---The ſpirit that impels
To blood and murder, cannot be from heav'n.
Nature, thou lead'ſt me on---my child, my child---
I will protect thee---Now, inhuman men,
Now come, and tear him from a mother's arms.

Orel. Yes, both, my brother---both will periſh with thee.

Pizarro. By heav'n this treaſon!

Carlos. Orellana's brother!
And not her huſband!---Then my heart's at peace.
[*Aſide.*

Pizarro. What means this myſt'ry?---Say, art thou Alzuma?

Alzuma. Behold me, Spaniard; let thine eye ſurvey me---
Shrinks not thy heart within thee?—Read'ſt thou not
A royalty of nature here?

Pizarro. Forthwith
Say wilt thou take thy life on our conditions?

Alzuma.

Alzuma. There are conditions that may win my ſoul
Not wholly to abhor thee.
Pizarro. Name thy terms!
Alzuma. Lay down at once the perſecuting ſword,
Relieve from ſlavery a groaning world,
Aſk what we ſuffer, not what we believe,
Diſplay your morals, not your bigot faith.
If avarice is your god, take gold enough;
Freight well your ſhips, and may propitious gales
In ſafety waft you to your native ſhores.
That done—in time we may perhaps forget,
We may at leaſt forgive you.
Pizarro. Vanquiſh'd ſlave!
And to a conqueror dar'ſt thou thus to utter
Thy ſtubborn pride!
Alzuma. Back to your native ſhores!
What do you here, amidſt a virtuous race?
Pizarro. The laws of conqueſt, and the laws of Spain—
Alzuma. And dar'ſt thou, homicide, alledge the laws?
The laws of Spain—know there's a prior law,
To which weak mortals are not train'd, but born;
Not form'd by ſcience, but endow'd by inſtinct,
Great nature's law!—that beſt, that ſureſt guide;
That emanation from the pow'rs above;
O'er all diffus'd, immutable, eternal!
This who ſhall ſilence, who ſhall dare repeal?
Who ſtrives to do it abdicates his nature;
Renounces all the honours of his being,
And by the act,—tho' juſtice ne'er o'ertake him,
Pays full atonement:—He's a wretch indeed.
Pizarro. I'll hear no more; ſince thus thy heart is ſteel'd,
Thus obſtinately fix'd in wilful guilt,
The juſtice that pronounc'd thy father's doom,
Awaits thy crimes.—No dark aſſaſſin's ſtab
Ended his days:—To our tribunal call'd
In full aſſembly of the conquering chiefs
He was arraign'd, was heard and died for treaſon
To Spain's imperial crown.
Carlos. And ſhall that mockery,
That ſtain to juſtice, that black ſcene of horror
Be acted o'er again?

Pizarro. And doſt thou too,
Doſt thou rebel, confed'rate in their guilt!
Our will is fix'd:—ere yonder ſun decline,
Here me thou ſlave!—or yield to truth and Spain,
Or elſe yon ſun—that idol of your worſhip,
Shall ſee thee on the rack in pangs expire. [*Exit.*

Carlos. Thou brave heroic youth, thy ev'ry virtue
Demands my wonder—by yon heav'n I ſwear
Thou ſhalt not ſuffer; my ſoul eager pants
To know, to love, to burn in friendſhip with thee. [*Exit.*

Ora. Alzuma—Oh! my ſon—in this diſtreſs
How ſhall the wretched mother ſave her child?

Alzuma. Waſte not a thought on me; thy own miſdeeds,
Repent of them; and ſince the gods withhold
A brave revenge, 'tis left us ſtill to die,
And greatly periſh in our country's ruin.

Gon. You muſt not linger here: my duty bids me
Convey thee hence.

Ora. Thou buſy meddler!—here
Orazia now commands—I lead him forth.
And who ſhall dare oppoſe a mother's voice?
[*Exit with Alzuma.*

Orel. Yet grant us vengeance, heav'n; Oh! give us ſtill
To conquer ev'n in death, then mix triumphant,
With penſive ghoſts, and roam the ſhadowy plain,
Where all is peace, all bliſs in endleſs ſtore,
And no pernicious Spaniard thirſts for gold.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

Orazia. GO, cruel go, and leave me to my woes.
Orel. I feel 'em all---but what beſet with ills,
Can Orellana do?
Orazia. What can ſhe do?
Prevent the ſtroke---aſſuage Pizarro's fury—
That canſt thou do, yet obſtinately fix'd—
Orel. But fix'd in honour—Oh! thou little know'ſt
Alzuma's ſoul---He will not take a life
Purchas'd by vile diſgrace; will ne'er ſurvive
To ſee Don Carlos ſeize my plighted hand,
That he may linger out his days in bondage.
Orazia. And if his ardour, if his ev'ry virtue
Swell o'er their bounds, and bear his reaſon down,
Wilt thou unpitying—the bare image ſtrikes—
Weep'ſt thou my daughter?—Let the gen'rous ſorrow
Melt thy hard heart and bid Alzuma live.
Orel. Would heav'n I could! but if my brother fall,
With him 'tis fix'd to die—Thrice happy both
If ev'n in ruin our unſhaken zeal
Our country honours, and our gods approve.——
Orazia. Then go, ruſh on, unnatural as thou art,
Go ſince thou wilt and ſee a brother bleed--
I'll to the altar too—The blow that ſheds
Alzuma's blood will be Orazia's laſt.—

Enter

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Let joy ſucceed and triumph in your hearts—
I bring ye gladſome tidings.—
Orazia. Speak thy purpoſe—
Car. I've ſeen your ſon—at length each raging paſſion
To peace ſubſides, and takes a milder tone.
His errors vaniſh and with ſenſe reclaim'd
He dedicates his ſoul to truth and Spain.
Orel. What do I hear?—The tale of infamy—
Orazia. Then is Orazia bleſt—my ſon ſhall live—
But tell me—does Alzuma—tell me all—
Means he this day———
Car. This very hour he means—
To offer up his vows at yonder altar;
He and his choſen friends—He only aſks
That while Pizarro views the ſolemn act,
The gazing multitude may ſtand aloof,
Nor interrupt him in his holy work.
Orazia. All bounteous Providence!—now, now indeed
You give me back my ſon—Upon the wing
Of love and rapture let me ſeek Pizarro,
Tell him this unexpected bleſs'd event,
That ſaves at once a mother and her child. [*Exit.*
Orel. Thou hear'ſt it, radiant Deity; thou hear'ſt
This worſt of crimes, nor yet thy orbit halts,
Nor turns its courſe back to the aſtoniſh'd eaſt,
Nor impious mortals dread eternal night!—
Car. Suppreſs this ſtorm of paſſion; ſmiling peace
Comes with her gentle train, and love prepares
His torch to brighten all our future hours.
Orel. All truth is fled; Alzuma is a ſlave!
Car. Henceforth eſteem and dignities await him;
New joys and all that laviſh hearts can pour.
Orel. Let him accept them; let him meanly ſtoop
To take a conqueror's gifts; theſe are your arts,
The arts of tyranny, by which you draw
With baleful luxury, with bland allurements,
Each captive mind, till weak deluded men,
Grown the voluptuous ſlaves of ev'ry vice,
Become the ſlaves of ev'ry maſter too.——

Car.

Car. A moment brings him to you—then you'll ſee
He comes with mind enlighten'd—Truth divine
Will from his lip more welcome touch thy ear,
And huſh to peace this tumult of thy ſoul. [*Exit.*

Orel. The tumult of my ſoul will ever rage.
Well, injur'd deities, you fly a land,
Where not one virtue's left—you have full cauſe—
Ev'n your own progeny betrays your rights---
To hoſtile gods betrays---yet let thoſe gods
Boaſt of their proſelyte---to them he'll prove
A young, a ſubtle hypocrite---Each vow
The traitor offers at their Chriſtian ſhrine
To his own heart, to univerſal nature
Will give the lye, and ſtamp the guilt upon him
By men and gods abhorr'd——the tenfold gilt
Of daring to equivocate with heav'n!
I will not live to ſee it---Ha! he comes——

Enter ALZUMA.

Alz. My ſiſter!---why is this—thou ſhun'ſt me then?---
Thou ſhun'ſt thy brother?———

Orel. Thou haſt ruin'd all———

Alz. Diſtract me not with thy unkind diſdain—
All that is great in nature nature leads me on---
And my heart labours with the vaſt conception.

Orel. Vain effort to diſſemble!---Even now
The ſtrong expreſſive character of gilt
Glare in thy eye, and ſhoot their livid fires.

Alz. Talk not of guilt---thou little know'ſt---

Orel. Not talk,
When faith and truth, the ſenſe of ancient honour
Are trampled down? when in baſe abject fear
A brother derogates from all his race,
Abjures at once his country and his gods,
And with the foe capitulates for life?

Alz. Thy virtue charms me; but thou ill doth chuſe
This awful period---'tis a moment big
With deſperation, with diſaſt'rous change,

And

And horrible intents---I ſee thee now
Perhaps for the laſt time.---
Orel. What ſay'ſt thou ?---Ha!
That look terrific! But too plain I read---
And yet they told me --
Alz. Who?
Orel. Don Carlos.
Alz. What?
Orel. Of gods abjur'd---
Alz. And did'ſt thou hate thy brother?
Orel. And can'ſt thou blame me?
Alz. I do thank thee for it---
Orel. Still thou art true?---
Alz. As heav'n's foundation fixt!
Fix'd as the marble pillars of the world.
Orel. Have I then wrong'd thee---Oh! Alzuma.---
Alz. Come,
Thou beſt of ſiſters, daughter of the ſun!
Worthy thy character!---Come to my heart---
And yet is this a time, this hour of horror
To pour the ſofteſt tranſports of the ſoul,
And mingle tears with madneſs and deſpair?
Orel. Thy words, thy looks, appall my frighted ſenſe,
Alas! my brother, ere we part———
Alz. No more;---
I charge thee urge no more---what'er my lot,
Thou'lt wonder and applaud.
Orl. Yet boading fears!
Let me attend thy ſteps.
Alz. It muſt not be---
Wait here thy mother's coming; with apt ſpeech
Beguile her ſtay---I would not have her near me---
Time flies; the hour draws nigh; Immortal pow'rs!
The genius of Peru! The fates are buſy!---
All nature pauſes for the great event.
Orel. Thy words portentous---ha! Pizarro comes!---

Enter PIZARRO.

Piz. At length, Alzuma, with ſereneſt influence
Grace lights upon thee---Come, the altar blazes;

Thy

Thy friends are rang'd around---the brazen gates
Exclude the buſy throng---all things are ready---

Alz. All ready ſaidſt thou?

Piz. All---We wait but you——

Alz. Horror!---You wait but me!---go on---I follow---

Piz. Approving heav'n ſmiles on the juſt deſign;
This holy work perform'd---all will be well.

[*Exit Pizarro.*

Alz. Be firm my heart, and you, my trembling ſinews,
Hold, hold a while—What hollow voice is that?

Orel. 'Tis ſilence deep, and ſolemn ſtillneſs round—

Alz. "Now is the time," it cries—I come, I come—
The ſacred impulſe—hark!—it calls again—
Ye crimſon ſpectres! and ye gleaming fires!
Ye ſpirits of revenge, who point my way—
Lead on;—your mortal inſtrument I come!— [*Exit.*

Orel. Oh! how my heart—who's there?—

Enter ORAZIA.

Ora. And will you ſtill
With ſcorn reject a lover's tend'reſt vows?
Let me prevail——

Orel. 'Tis not an hour for love!

Ora. Not when your brother—

Orel. He approves it not—

Ora. Has he not call'd Pizarro to the altar?

Orel. He wiſh'd to meet him there—

Ora. He wiſhes too—
To ſee his ſiſter recompence at length
Her lover's faithful fires—Where is Alzuma?
Haſt thou not ſeen him?—

Orel. He went hence but now.—

Ora. Then he has ſought the altar—Let us thither.

Orel.

Orel. I'll come anon—not now—it were not fit
You ſhould be there—far other work impends——
The work of fate—'twere beſt remain—you muſt not go—

Ora. What mean thoſe falt'ring accents?—ha!—what noiſe?

Orel. Defend me, heav'nly pow'rs, defend me—

Ora. Hark!

PIZARRO *within the Scene.*

Perfidious traitor! Cleave him to the ground—

Ora. They murder him, they kill my ſon—forbear—
Hold, ruffians, hold!—— [*Exit.*

ALZUMA *within the Scene.*

The gods, the injur'd gods
Demand his blood—

ORELLANA.

'Tis my brother's voice—
Yes, ſtrike Alzuma: with redoubled blow
Avenge a father's death.—Oh! how my heart
Pants in this dread ſuſpenſe with hope and fear!
I tremble for the event—Look down ye pow'rs
And ſhield my brother's life. [*Exit.*

Enter GONZALEZ.

Gonz. Wild tumult fills
The ſpacious temple.—Ha! again I hear it.
Whence this fierce uproar?—

Enter CARLOS.

Carl. Treaſon and murder!—ſound there, ſound th' alarm! [*a flouriſh of trumpets, and the bell tolls.*

Gonz. Alas! What new event—what have the fates—

Carl.

Carl. Oh! 'tis a ſpectacle of woe and horror!
My father dies a victim to their fury.
With treacherous arts Alzuma hath deceiv'd us.
The rites were all prepar'd: the lawn-rob'd prieſt
Stood reverend at the altar; tapers blaz'd,
Incenſe aroſe and organs fill'd the choir,
When forth Alzuma came with ſolemn pace
Looking ſubmiſſion---We ſcarce ſaw the blow---
Wing'd with the light'ning's ſpeed he ſheath'd his dagger
Deep in my father's heart.
Gonz. What ſays my Lord?
Recall the words.
Carl. Oh blind and fatal raſhneſs
That drew me unſuſpecting to the altar!
No ſword, no weapon to defend his life!
Yet with what force I could, with deſp'rate rage
I ruſh'd amid'ſt their throng---Ev'n that was vain,
The traitor's friends that inſtant clos'd around me,
And I no aid could give---Why lingers thus
The tardy ſoldier? will no friend ſupply
An inſtrument of vengeance?
Gonz. Soon the guards
Shall ſtop each avenue---Alzuma then
Shall pay the forfeit of his horrid treaſon.
Carl. With lion rage he daſh'd him on the ground;
With his left hand graſp'd the diſhevell'd hair,
And round his arm the plaited locks intwining
In gore he dragg'd him to the altar's baſe;
And I the while could only rend the air
With piercing cries---they held my feeble arms.
Gonz. And is he martyr'd thus by ſavage hands,
His conqueſt ſtopt, and all his laurels wither'd?
Carl. Orazia comes---ſhe raves, ſhe ſcreams, ſhe flies
Wilder than winds; upon her mangled Lord
Throws her extended body, claſps him cloſe;
Then looking piteous up with ſtreaming eyes,
" Forbear my ſon---forbear: thou ſhalt not murder."
But nought can ſave Pizzarro from his rage---
" Die, monſter, die"---he cried, then tore him from her
Along the crimſon marble--- in deſpair

Upward

Upward ſhe ſprung, and darting round his neck
With circling arms, entreats, implores, beſeeches,
Bathes his broad cheſt with tears, and vainly ſtrives
To ſave a huſband from a murd'rer's rage:
Gonz. Deteſted treacherous villain!
Carl. Arm, arm my friends.
Arm all Peru and give the means of vengeance.
Gonz. This way, my Lord---Revenge will now be ours,
At yonder gate I ſee the faithful bands.
Carl. Do thou go forth and let the troops inveſt
The temples round---Let ev'ry paſs be clos'd
That none eſcape my fury. [*Exit Gonzalez.*] Righteous heav'n!
Now in your cauſe ſtern juſtice lifts the ſword,
And the fell murderer from the altar dragg'd
Shall fall a victim to my juſt revenge. [*Exit.*

[*Flouriſh of trumpets and bell tolls.*]

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

Alz. Brave Ozmar, oh!
To ev'ry injur'd god this reeking blade
Pour'd hot libation of the tyrant's blood;---
Ozm. Immortal ſpirits, crown him, crown the hero;
The godlike blow for liberty is ſtruck.
Alz. The murd'rer of mankind has breath'd his laſt.---

Enter ORELLANA.

Alzuma. My Orellana, ha!---what means that look
Ghaſtly and pale?---Wherefore that trembling ſtep?
Thou art not wounded?
Orel. Oh! too deep---too deep---
Thou too, Alzuma---born to bitter woe!
Deep in thy heart is fix'd the mortal ſtab---
The altar bluſhes with forbidden blood---
Thy wretched mother---
Alzuma. Speak; diſtract me not
Orel. Ev'n now ſhe dies---

Alz.

Alzuma. By the dread pow'rs of vengeance,
Whoe'er has dar'd---I here atteſt the gods---
Orel. Atteſt not heav'n againſt yourſelf---Thy arm---
Alas! thy deſp'rate arm.
Alzuma. What doſt thou mean?
Orel. Too plain I ſaw---as round your neck ſhe clung,
And ſued for mercy to Pizarro's life;
You then---unconſcious---bent on other miſchief---
As ſtill ſhe ſtruggled to reſtrain thy arm-----
Then guſh'd the ſacred blood that gave you being.
Alzuma. Open, thou earth, and take me----take me down
To ſcare the fiends below———

The back Scene draws, and diſcovers an Altar, Pizarro *lying dead, and ſeveral Indians ſtanding round.*

ORAZIA *is brought forward.*

Orel. And lo!---ſee there---
See where the miſerable victim comes.
Orazia. Oh! I am faint---I die---ſoft---lay me down---
Orel. Diſaſtrous fate!
Alzuma. Have I deſerv'd this miſery?
Orazia. I die!---alas! I die---where are my children?---
My Orellana---nearer---Oh! Alzuma!---
Wilt thou not know me?---in this laſt diſtreſs
Not lend a pitying hand?---
Alzuma. 'Tis red with blood---
With horrid parricide---its touch will blaſt
Thy ſad remains of life---
Orazia. Approach, Alzuma---
Support me---Lend your hand---Yours, Orellana, yours---
Life ebbs apace---I leave ye both---I leave
My dear, dear children---Yet to hold ye thus
Makes ev'n languor ſmile---and ſoftens all
The pangs of death———
Alzuma. I call each god to witneſs,
Each cruel god, I never meant to harm
The matron breaſt that gave its nurture to me.
Orel. Alas the agonies of death are on her.

Enter

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. There fix your ſtation, guards!---Orazia too
Deform'd and gaſh'd with wounds! in death's embrace!
Fell ſavage monſter! Torture waits your guilt.---
Orazia. Forbear, forbear; the warning hand of heav'n
With theſe events repays our thirſt of blood---
Too much has flow'd already---Let my child
Now live in peace---it is my dying pray'r.---
Alzuma. Doſt thou forgive thy horrible aſſaſſin?---
Orazia. 'Twas not thy guilt---Miſchance, 'twas dire miſchance
That wrought the deed---I thought they murder'd thee,
I flew---thy mother flew to ſave her child---
In that ſad moment---Oh!---
Orel. Yet ſpare her, heav'n!
Alzuma. She dies in torment.---
Orazia. No, Alzuma, no———
I feel no pain, my child---In me thou ſeeſt
How an expiring chriſtian ſuffers death---
Thou God of mercy---ha!---hold!---raiſe me up---
Alzuma, where, where art thou?---Yet a word
If ever I was dear---if ever---Oh!——— [*Dies.*
Alzuma. She's gone; ſhe's gone; and with her dying breath
Pardon'd her murderer!---Could ſhe then forgive me?
Is that a chriſtian virtue?
Carlos. 'Tis the virtue
Which you have ſpurn'd; but ſince th' expiring ſaint
Granted her pardon,---Spain accords it too!---
Alzuma. Strike me, juſt gods, deep to the center---here
I ſtand a parricide---a mother's blood
Still glows upon this hand!---And are ye not
Gods of juſt vengeance? Will your wrath permit
A wretch like me to ſtalk the groaning earth?
Ye mountains, hide me!---Oh! no place can hide
A deed accurs'd like mine! [*Falls down.*
Orel. And do I live
To ſee my mother thus?---A ghaſtly form!

A little

A little while and thoſe dead lips had utt'rance!
That heart beat warm with gen'rous affection!
Thus do I ſee thee? Is this mangled corſe.
All that is left me of thee?
Carlos. She, like me,
Has loſt a parent---Lend her your aſſiſtance,
My friends, ſupport her weak and tender frame.
Alzuma. (Riſing on his knees.) She gave me being,
and this impious hand
Hath giv'n a ſtab to nature; to the womb
That brought me forth, bears the aſſaſſin's knife;
I wait, juſt pow'rs, for your dread pleaſure: ſtrike
Here---ſtrike at once; launch your red vengeance
down---
Puniſh and pity me!---
Carlos. His woes are great
And his heart lab'ring with the ſtrong compunction
Speaks the ſoul big with ev'ry gen'rous inſtinct,
Wild nature's growth---Forgive me, oh, my father,
Who there lieſt ſtretched in death---if I reſpect
The virtues of a foe---Alzuma riſe---
Repentance may efface———
Alzuma. Away, nor talk *(ſtarting up)*
Of fruitleſs penitence---no gods can pardon
A crime like this---See there thoſe glaring orbs!
That boſom gor'd by this deſtructive hand!---
Orazia!---oh, that look, that ſmile in death
Damns me beyond all depth---And yet I muſt
I will approach her *(kneels down by her)* I no more can
murder thee---
Where are your tortures, Spaniard? Lo! that ſight---
Tear out---diſſect my heart.---
Carlos. Alzuma, hear me---
In thee I have beheld the fierce extreme
Of ſavage virtue---for a father loſt
You've laid a ſcene of blood---But now behold
A Chriſtian's virtue---By thy fatal arm
My father there lies dead---and I forgive you---
Alzuma. Forgive!---Forgive me, ſaid'ſt thou!
Carlos. Yes, nay more;
I pity your misfortunes---for your country
You've bravely fought! and I applaud your valour.

For the miſtaken zeal which here by ſlaughter
Would plant the worſhip of the God of peace,
I do diſclaim it all---That righteous God
Who gave the ſun its light, and from his hand
Launch'd forth the ſtars into the void immenſe,
He tells weak erring man---We may perſuade
Our fellow creatures to embrace their good,
But ev'n for truth itſelf muſt not deſtroy.

Orel. (Riſing up) Oh! wherefore, Carlos, were thoſe godlike virtues
To this ſad hour conceal'd! Chriſtians and Indians
Both, both have err'd alike---The cruelty
That mark'd its way with blood, provok'd revenge:
But this your effort of unheard of goodneſs,
Bids us repent ev'n of our country's love,
Ev'n of our gods, and Orellana's heart
Turns chriſtian at the thought!---

Alzuma. Oh, loſt Peru!
Fall'n, fall'n indeed!---thy foe was hitherto
A robber, and a murderer!---now he conquers;
Now his religion triumphs---all thy gods,
Oh, land beloved! thy gods prepare for flight,
They yield to ſome divinity unknown,
Some great firſt cauſe of all!---and ſhall yon ſun
Move at a maker's will his ſtated round,
No longer now ador'd!---the hoſt of ſtars,
Shall they be deem'd his work? the rainbow too,
That over-arches the wide tracts of air,
Is his the hand that bent it?---I am loſt
In doubt and wonder!---Spaniard, mark my words:
If ſuch the virtues which your God inſpires,
We'll learn of thee to live. And oh! will learn
Thou murdered excellence! of thee to die.---

Carlos. Enlighten'd hence, ye rulers of each ſtate,
Learn to extinguiſh fierce religious hate;
Truth came reveal'd from the eternal mind,
To bid us love, and not deſtroy mankind.
Not blaſt the work, which heav'n with pleaſure owns,
Hear, bigot kings! and tremble on your thrones.

FINIS.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HARTLEY.

OUR Play thus o'er, now ſwells each throbbing breaſt
With expectation of the coming jeſt.
By FASHION's law, whene'er the TRAGIC MUSE
With ſympathetic tears each eye bedews;
When ſome BRIGHT VIRTUE at her call appears,
Wak'd from the dead repoſe of rolling years,
When SACRED WORTHIES ſhe bids breathe anew,
That men may be—what ſhe diſplays to view;
By FASHION'S LAW, with light fantaſtic mien
The COMIC SISTER trips it o'er the ſcene;
Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,
Plays off her airs, and calls forth all her ſmiles;
Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,
And the gay wonder how they wept before.
Say, do you wiſh, ye bright, ye virtuous train,
That ev'ry tear that fell, ſhould fall in vain?
If this night's ſcenes ſoft pity could impart,
'Tis yours to fix the faſhion of the heart.
Adopt, ye fair, the loſt Alzuma's cauſe,
His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

For ORELLANA may I dare to plead?
My faults will all your kind indulgence need.
On you my hopes are fix'd:—One ſmile from you
To me is worth the treaſures of PERU.

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